Genl Poe

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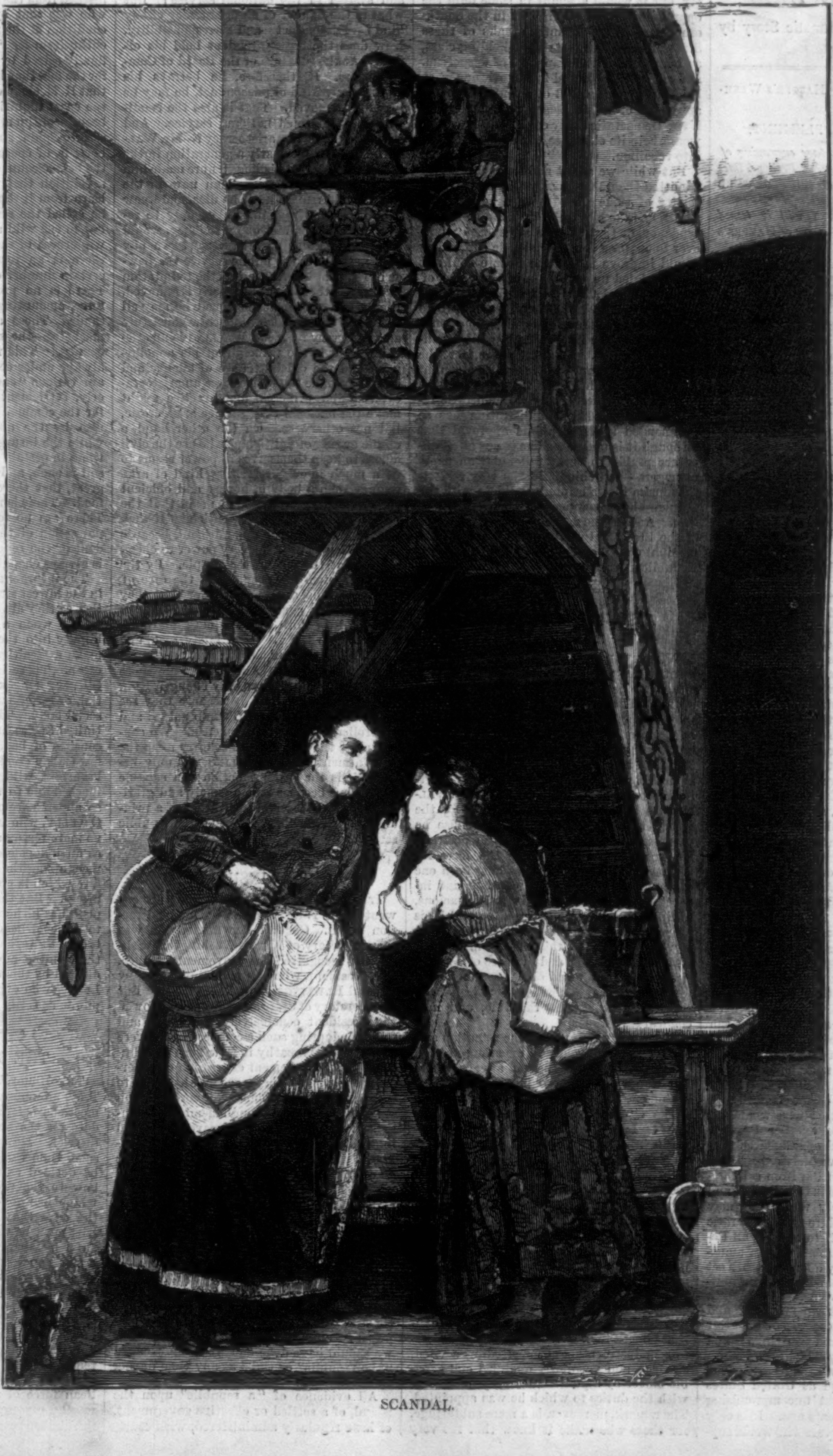
SCANDAL.

It is much to be feared that the two gossiping maids in our picture, and the curious dame overhead listening eagerly to catch their whispered tattle, represent a very numerous class of people. How many of us live up to the rule of good King Arthur, to "speak no slander; no, nor listen to it?" The poets who have satirized poor human nature dwell sharply on the general propensity to gossip and to think evil of others.

> "There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
> Of loudly publishing our neighbor's shame;
> On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
> While virtuous actions are but born and die,"

says Juvenal, and experience shows that the old Roman satirist wrote from a keen observation of men. What can be more just than Samuel Butler's description of a man who delights in scandal?

"He is not so much concerned whether what he writes be true or false; that's nothing to his purpose, which aims only at filthy and bitter; and therefore his language is like pictures of the devil, the fouler the better. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it), but merely, as a jackdaw steals money, for his pleasure. His malice has the same success with other men's charity, to be rewarded in private; for all he gets is but his own private satisfaction, and the testimony of an evil conscience; for which, if it be discovered, he suffers the worst kind of martyrdom, and is paid with condign punishment, so that at the best he has but his labor for his pains. He deals with a man as the Spanish Inquisition does with heretics—clothes him in a coat painted with hellish shapes of fiends, and so shows him to the rabble, to render him the more odious. He exposes his wit like a bastard, for the next comer to take up and put out to nurse, which it seldom fails of, so ready is every man to contribute to the infamy of another. He is like the devil that sows tares in the dark, and while a man sleeps, plants weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the government or any great persons, if he has not a special care to keep himself, like a conjurer, safe in his circle, he raises a spirit that falls foul on himself, and carries him to limbo, where his neck is clapped up in the hole, out of which it is never released until he has paid his ears down on the nail for fees. He is in a worse condition than a school-boy, for when he is discovered he is whipped for his exercise, whether it be well or ill done, so that he takes a wrong course to show his wit, when his best way to do so is to conceal it; otherwise he shows his folly instead of his wit, and pays dear for the mistake."



SCANDAL.

There is nothing in social life more ignoble and contemptible than what Byron calls "the abominable tittle-tattle" of those who delight in circulating scandal, who gloat over, even while they profess to deplore, the details of a slanderous story, whose very manner of deprecating credence in the tale confirms the listener's belief in its truthfulness. How many there are of these mischief-makers in every circle, who know how, with a skillful touch, to heighten the tints of a slanderous rumor with insinuations worse than open lies, because they can not be met by open denial; by mingling sneers with smiles, and by a pretense of candor. And the pity of it is that they should find so many people willing to listen; that so many would rather believe evil than good of their neighbor. Nothing spreads like a scandal, and the worse and more unlikely it is the more readily it obtains circulation and credence. Society is quite as much to blame as the scandal-mongers themselves. It is as mean and disgraceful to listen to a slander as to utter one.

It is a common trick with slanderers and scandal-mongers to scatter their vile inventions broadcast among the community, and then point triumphantly to the wide circulation their stories have obtained as confirmation of their truth. They bespatter a man with mud, and cry out upon him for a dirty fellow. "Calumniate! calumniate!" is their motto; "some of it will stick." Perhaps the most effective, as well as the meanest, way of slandering is to do it with affected pain and reluctance, as if well-nigh heart-broken at hearing evil things whispered round about a man so dearly loved and honored. An adept in this method of slander can work infinite mischief.

There is something marvelous in the way a slander grows as it passes from mouth to mouth, well illustrated by the well-known story of the three black crows. Without intending, perhaps, to exaggerate or be untruthful, each one who repeats the story adds something of his own, and by the time it has gone the rounds of society it has grown into a hideous Frankenstein, a monster of untruth and malignity. This may be tested by the game of "exaggeration," where one whispers a story, couched in as few words as possible, to the person sitting next him. He repeats it in the ear of his neighbor, and so on through a circle of ten or twelve, each one trying to tell the story just as he heard it. The last person in the circle tells it aloud, and in nine cases out of ten it will be found that it has gained something every time it has been told. The moral of all this is expressed in the line already quoted from Tennyson, "Speak no slander; no, nor listen to it."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 15, 1874.

NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In this Number of Harper's Weekly will be found the opening chapters of

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THE NEW YORK ELECTION.

The administration of Governor Dix has been as upright, efficient, and satisfactory as any which New York has had for many years. The Governor is one of the best-known citizens in the State, thoroughly trained in public affairs, of great experience and sagacity, a man of admirable intellectual accomplishment, and in the high sense a gentleman. His administration has been free from charges both of weakness or corruption, and the State has been justly proud of a dignity and character that recalled the days of Clinton and of Jay, and which stand in sharp contrast with the vulgar and sordid tone of the last Democratic administration. That administration was brought in four years ago under the lead of Tweed, who then controlled the Democratic party, and whose henchman the Democratic Governor was. The next year Tweed was exposed by the *Times*, and the peaceful revolution followed which has consigned him to the penitentiary. The question for the State of New York now is whether there be any good reason for replacing the administration of Governor Dix with one elected by the party which Tweed controlled four years ago. It is said, indeed, that the party has renounced Tweed, and that Mr. Tilden and Mr. O'Conor, both Democrats, were very zealous in opposing him. It is true, so far as those two gentlemen are concerned; but Mr. O'Conor never sought or had the least influence with his party, and voted against its last Presidential candidate, while those who recall the Democratic State Conventions of five, six, and seven years ago, when Mr. Tilden was chairman of the Democratic State Committee, remember also his utter impotence against the overmastering hand of Tweed. Mr. Tilden is a gentleman of the highest character, but his party is, of course, not essentially changed since the fall of its late leader.

We presume that no sane citizen supposes that with a Democratic Governor and Legislature the State of New York would be more ably or more honestly governed than it is now under the administration of Governor Dix. It is not denied that the last Legislature was a much more honest assembly than has been known in Albany for many years; and there is no reason to believe that the return of a Democratic House would not be the re-appearance of another Speaker Hitchman and the kind of influences that he obeyed. Those who vaguely expect "reform" and other ideal results from a Democratic restoration may see in Connecticut and New Hampshire precisely what they may expect. In New Hampshire the Democratic Legislature devoted itself to turning all Republicans out of office, which was an amusing practical commentary upon the truth set forth in the last national Democratic platform, that the civil service has become "a mere instrument of partisan tyranny," and that the offices "should cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage;" and in Connecticut the party which has "acquiesced," and "accepted" all the results of the war, immediately elected as United States Senator one of the most uncompromising "Copperheads" of ten years ago. It is only very inexperienced observers who would suppose that the Democratic party has become the sole hope of honest administration because Tweed has been overthrown, or that the restored Union would be safer in the hands of Democrats who, like Senator Eaton, profess to have "acquiesced."

A Democratic victory in New York would be peculiarly grateful to the party for two reasons: first, because it would excite hopes of carrying the State in the Presidential election of 1876, and that lively hope would help to produce the result; and second, because a Democratic Legislature this year would secure a Democratic United States Senator to succeed Mr. Fenton. Now it is very true that there are no new great issues upon which political sentiment is divided, and that the old issues are apparently settled. But it is no less true that the old party organizations remain, and while that is so they are necessarily subject to their old tendencies. Thus the Democratic party would not attempt the restoration of slavery, but it would attempt in some form the oppression of the new citizens in the Southern States. It constantly speaks of those States, meaning the late slave-holding class, as being under the iron heel of despotism, and of State rights and local government as being overthrown, and of a centralized tyranny—all of which means practically that if the Democratic party could gain power, it would help its old allies, the class that went into rebellion.

But while we admit and have constantly admitted the unhappy situation and the necessity of some remedy, we deny that the situation is due wholly to Republican ascendency, or that there is any reason whatever to suppose that Democratic supremacy would improve it. If the Senate could at once be filled up with men of the views of Mr. Eaton, and a President of the same sympathies could replace General Grant, we do not believe that the political situation would be in any degree improved or public confidence deepened. Change, again, for the mere sake of change will hardly be sought by a State which knows that change from Governor Dix means only a Democratic relapse. Indeed, his administration has so commended itself to public approval that although it is understood he is not altogether acceptable to certain Republican party managers—and chiefly for the very reasons that make him a strong candidate with the people—they "acquiesce" in his renomination. And if the Republican Conventions of the State and of the Assembly Districts nominate men of character and ability, a Republican victory is apparently sure.

A SOUND PRINCIPLE IN PRACTICE.

Whenever a sound principle of appointment in the public service is put into practice, there is universal and instinctive approval. There is at once a general wonder why so good a method is not the constant rule, and nobody is so dull as not to see the immense advantage that would be gained by it in every way. Nothing that has occurred in the city for a long time has been so heartily welcomed as the appointment of Mr. Walling as Police Superintendent, and for the reason that he was appointed because he was conspicuously fitted for the position. He has been a member of the force for twenty-seven years. He has long been one of the most efficient police captains and inspectors. He is strong, brave, sagacious, faithful, and of great experience; and he is promoted to the highest post in the police service. Apply to this case, which illustrates the character and practice of a sound civil service, the usual objections to the reform which would make the principle of such an appointment the rule, and how comical they appear?

Thus it is urged against the retention and promotion of proved and experienced civil officers that a new broom sweeps clean. But would any political bummer or superintendent, appointed for partisan reasons, sweep cleaner in his office than Mr. Walling? Is there something essentially superior in ignorance and inexperience to experience and knowledge? Would any sensible man seriously urge that an adroit and useful party manager, although of equal capacity and honesty with Mr. Walling, would fill the post better than he with his twenty-seven years of efficient practical service in the force? Yet had Mr. Walling been set aside, and an inexperienced man appointed, it could have been wisely said in this case, as in those which are constantly occurring in the national civil service, that a new broom sweeps clean. We have known that remark to be gravely made in high quarters in justification of superseding a tried, efficient, and peculiarly qualified and capable officer by a politician wholly unfamiliar with the duties to which he was appointed. The remark, moreover, is a mere subterfuge, for those who make it know that the very last consideration in regard to the new broom is whether it will sweep. It is not meant to sweep. If clean sweeping were wanted, the principle of Mr. Walling's appointment would always be enforced. Of the same general kind is the objection that an officer becomes "dead-wood" by long service, so that it is better to use the sappy, vigorous younger growth. This, again, is a subterfuge, for the old officer is passed over not because a more efficient one for the purpose is wanted, but a more serviceable one for another purpose. And if it were proposed to argue seriously upon the metaphor, we should say that young and new wood splits and yawns and shrinks, while "seasoned timber never gives." Mr. Walling is seasoned timber, and he is a standing refutation and exposure of the folly of such objections, which are the entire stock of many most vociferous opponents of a reform of the civil service.

Again, do such appointments tend to an aristocracy, as is said of a reasonable tenure and system in the national service? But what is the danger of an aristocracy of any kind? Misconduct and irresponsibility. How does the Superintendent hold his office? At the pleasure of the Board of Commissioners. If, therefore, he betrays his trust by any kind of misconduct, he may be instantly removed. That is also the condition of a reformed national service. And where, then, is the aristocracy? Mr. Walling has been for nearly a generation in the police force. Has his long tenure made him an aristocrat? If every man now in the force should remain until he dies, and knew that he should remain, subject only to removal for misconduct or inefficiency, would the force become an aristocracy? In any sound system of the public service the power of removal is left free, but the temptation to exercise the power improperly is removed. Does a body of official persons who may all be turned out of place to-morrow constitute an aristocracy? If Mr. Walling is an aristocrat, and if the principle of his appointment and the official tenure of fidelity and efficiency make the police force an aristocracy, a similar principle and practice might make the national civil service aristocratic, but not otherwise. On the other hand, a clique or ring of politicians who use the civil offices to keep themselves in power seems to us a much more threatening kind of aristocracy than a body of honest and efficient public officers. Nor can it be said that the people can turn out the politicians if they misuse the power of appointment, because the politicians use that very power to check and defeat the will of the people. By the present system the people load the dice of the politicians, and then wonder that they can not play against them. The Tweed Ring in New York was the most alarming aristocracy that we have lately seen, and that was founded upon the present system of the civil service. And if there are those who think that we have only changed King Stork for King Log, it is because they see the machinery by which Tweed gained and controlled power still untouched. We congratulate the city and the country upon the appointment of Mr. Walling, not only because it is the just promotion of a capable officer, but because it is a timely and gratifying and instructive illustration of a principle which should reform the whole public service.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

It is now nearly six years since "the cry went up at Yara," and the Cuban insurrection began. General Rawlings, who was then Secretary of War at Washington, wished to "recognize" the movement at once. The President, who was much influenced by General Rawlings, favored his views. But the Secretary of State stood firm, and showed the President conclusively the wrong and folly of adopting such a course. There were meetings of sympathy in New York and elsewhere, and a vehement expression of generous feeling. But there was and has been to this moment the profoundest ignorance upon the whole subject, although members of Congress from Buncombe have gravely proposed inquiries looking to recognition and an acknowledgment of Cuban independence. As an expression of hostility to Spain, a power whose American wars have been always peculiarly cruel, and as an indulgence in rhetoric about manifest destiny and republicanism, all this was very natural. But as a state policy, justifiable upon any conceded and reasonable principles, the demand for recognition was simply preposterous. For no great and powerful government could do a greater mischief than to incite insurrections in other countries which it is not prepared actively to sustain; and that is what we should have done had we acknowledged "the republic" of Cuba at any time during these six years.

All evidence of "a republic" upon the island, of a settled or effective government, of laws regularly administered, with courts of justice, of any thing more than a shifting camp and an elusive guerrilla warfare, has been utterly wanting. That there were no ports or navy was known; but that there was any force that could properly be called an army, with artillery, or a commissariat, or a hospital service, or any military appointments whatever, was not evident—certainly it was not proved. It was no argument for the action of the government to say that there were brave men fighting for independence who deserved our sympathy, for brave men fighting for independence against a tyranny—and that such was the Spanish rule in Cuba was not doubted—already have the sympathy of Americans. But sympathy was not enough—assistance was wanted; and when reproaches were hurled at the lack of sympathy, they were intended to stigmatize the inaction of the government.

How wholly wanting in all the elements that could justify recognition by this government the situation in Cuba is may be learned from the little work of Mr. O'Kelly, who was sent by the *Herald* to report the condition of the revolution, who was full of enthusiasm for "Cuba libre," and who was finally seized by the Spaniards, and except for the fact that he was a British subject, and that H. M. sloop of war *Plover* hovered about the coast inquiringly, would probably have been incontinently shot. As it was, he was sent to Spain, and was there released. The book is, of course, hastily written, but it is the best account of the interior of the Cuban revolution that we have yet had; and we learn from it that there is nothing that can be called the semblance of a government; but in the wild and well-nigh impenetrable wilderness of the eastern part of the island there is an insurrection maintained by a certain number of creoles and freed slaves. There is no proper army, but a guerrilla force, amounting in all kinds to some thousands. These are armed with rifles and machetes—the small sword or knife of the country. This force, scattered in bands, is always under cover of the woods, in which are various "encampments," or, more properly, settlements, in which food is raised for the common support. Food is supplied also by the abandoned plantations; and while the insurgents may suffer severely at times in certain districts, the fertility of the soil is such, and the rapidity of ripening so great, that there is no fear of a failure of food. There is no artillery or commissariat. There are no towns of any importance in possession of the insurrection. The President of the republic lives in a camp which is always changing.

The insurgent class is, of course, generally in the lowest stage of civilization. The battles, as they are called, are skirmishes in the woods, when a Spanish column advances blindly into the wilderness or the Cubans make a stealthy foray upon some train or camp. There is no trace whatever in Mr. O'Kelly's book of any cohesive, substantial, or recognizable state, or community, or social body. The Cuban republic which the United States have been asked to recognize consists of bands of freed slaves, led by a few Cuban creoles, wandering in a dense and luxuriant wilderness, which is apparently inaccessible to the Spanish troops. So far as appears from the representation of Mr. O'Kelly, who is their warm friend, there is no more reason at present to recognize them as an independent state than there was for recognizing the maroons. The kind of warfare which is going on may continue indefinitely. But the policy which the Government has hitherto pursued, and which is due to the cool head and sagacity of the Secretary of State, has been heartily approved by the country, and is amply justified and vindicated by this tale of a traveler in "Mambi Land," who evidently paints the Cuban republic as rosily as he can.

THE TROY DISTRICT.

The Honorable Martin I. Townsend, of Troy, announces in a manly and therefore most characteristic letter that he is a candidate for the nomination to Congress in his district. He adds: "I wish to say at the same time that if my nomination shall not be deemed expedient, I trust that I shall bow to the decision with the same spirit which has governed my political action in the days that are passed." The Troy district must be very rich in the proper material for members of Congress if it can name a better candidate than Mr. Townsend. A man of spotless and chivalric character, of robust and accomplished mind, the head of the bar of his county, a most popular and persuasive orator, long and most favorably known as the able advocate of the soundest political principles, of a ready wit and happy temperament for public life, Mr. Townsend would be a strong accession to the Republican force of the next House, and a most worthy representative of the Empire State. Should he be nominated, and we sincerely trust that he may be, he will make the campaign very lively, and, we do not doubt, very sharp and decisive for his opponent.

THE FRENCH PEASANT AND ARTISAN.

The message of Marshal M'Mahon really simplifies the situation in France, because it proclaims his independence both of the imperialists and of the monarchists. It leaves him at the head of affairs for seven years from the beginning of the term decreed by the Assembly, and constitutes him, so far, the centre of order. The key that we have suggested of the situation in France is that the revolution is still in progress, that is to say, that the contest for the form of government is not ended. At the present time in Europe such a question is not merely political. The real problem is social. For when political development has reached the point of equality among all citizens, the demand of proximate equality of condition inevitably arises in a country where the inequality is grinding, as in thickly peopled Europe, and this is the terrible question of Socialism. This theory of the revolution still going on in France is well stated by Frederic Harrison in the *Fortnightly Review*. Mr. Harrison is a republican, and a man of warm feelings, perhaps something of a doctrinaire. But that always seems to be the case with an earnest political thinker and writer, whether the fact be so or not. In this instance the writer is fully in sympathy with the revolution that he describes, and as he is one of the ablest of English republicans, his views are well worth attention.

The most significant fact that he mentions—and, if it be a fact, the most decisive—is the change of feeling in the mass of the French peasantry. These four or five millions of small rural proprietors are the majority of French citizens: they are France. They are patient, frugal, cautious, ignorant, selfish, suspicious, and dull. Their strongest instinct is for order. They have long been jealous of the restless workmen of the towns who have kept the country in turmoil, and they were therefore the strength of the empire, which seemed to them the guarantee of order. Louis Napoleon kept them ignorant, and presented himself to them as the Savior of Society. Recent events, however, have made the republic stand for orderly France. The parties which conspire against it, the Church and the monarchists, seem to the peasant proprietor full of threats of confusion and danger, and the republic is now, in his imagination, the conservative defender of property, and therefore, with very different views, the peasant and the town workman are both republican, and both opposed to every form of monarchical pretense.

This union of old foes is the work of Gambetta, who, according to Mr. Harrison, is wholly misunderstood out of France. Thiers has been the titular head of the republicans, but Gambetta is their soul and their sense. Instead of the fanatical extremist that he is supposed to be, he is the most moderate, cautious, and circumspect of men. The first popular orator in France, he refrains from speaking in the Assembly, discountenancing all cabal and passion, and sustaining the authority of the Assembly as the only existing legal power of the nation. Gambetta's part just now is that of compromise. He has combined the two most discordant elements, yet the two whose union is indispensable to France and the republic—the artisan and the peasant—and in doing it he has been denounced by the Communist democrats as a traitor to democracy. His present object is, without conspiring against the Assembly, to procure its legal dissolution, anticipating a completely republican successor; for already the most monarchical and ecclesiastical corner of Brittany returns a republican vote. And while thus, as Gambetta believes, the republic is sure, the character of the rural majority secures the moderate republic.

But M. Gambetta and his eulogist Mr. Harrison seem to be curiously satisfied with forms and names. A real republic implies intelligence, conscience, and the habit of freedom. A republic which is supported by dull, ignorant, and selfish men as the guarantee of their selfishness is at the mercy of any new Louis Napoleon who will promise them a surer guarantee. Mr. Harrison can hardly suppose that such a peasantry as he describes is a better foundation for a reasonable republic than the artisans and clubs of Paris. No mere form will make France stable and peaceful. The union of ignorant peasants and impatient artisans will not beget a new France simply because they call the union a republic. Much may be learned from our own country. Twenty years ago the State of South Carolina was governed by a clique of great slave-owners; every human right was denied to more than half the population, and half of the rest lived in abject ignorance and poverty. Yet it was called a republican government. At the present time the actual majority of the people of the State govern, but its general prosperity languishes, and its government is in great degree a robbery. Yet it is still called a republican form of government. France must learn, as we have learned, that important as the republican form is, it requires intelligence and virtue for its successful operation.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XXIV.

It is only four years since France threw down its gage of battle to Germany, and the duel of the Gaul and the Teuton was decided before the eyes of the present generation with a series of consequences such as have followed from few other wars, since the Germans were united for the first time in their common defense, since the temporal power of the Pope fell forever, and Spain, Italy, and all Middle Europe have been at least thrown open to the light of advancing knowledge. It is only eight years since, on the memorable field of Sadowa, Prussia destroyed Austrian conservatism, and forced the most reactionary of European powers into a new and extraordinary course of progress, since the realm of the Hapsburg was driven in misfortune and decay to abandon all its worst superstitions, and appeal for aid in its extremity to its school-masters and its scholars; and it is scarcely ten years since, before the walls of Richmond, slavery perished forever in the New World by the decrees of a rising intelligence and the arms of Grant. History presents nowhere, in so short a period, three such important events. War, always sad and terrible, has in these instances at least been followed by some adequate results. Knowledge, civilization, and mental freedom have followed the track of the victorious armies. In the New World liberty has been secured to endless generations; in the Old, a foundation has been laid for the future progress of the people. Germany, Austria, Italy, and even Spain are laid open to a higher cultivation; the school-master may enter safely Rome, Vienna, and almost Madrid. Europe, if it be wise, need enter upon no more wars, and may give itself wholly to the instruction of its people. Republicanism will advance with the continuance of peace, and free institutions spring up naturally in the centres of intelligence.

But to this decision of a war which it openly invoked, and a public duel in which it was the active challenger, France, or rather its ruling faction, has never yielded its assent. It alone meditates new hostilities. The German cities along the Rhine complain that they are already menaced by the rapid revival of the French military power, that they are not much more secure from a sudden foray than when Napoleon III. was constantly threatening to advance the frontier of his empire. They assert that France was not sufficiently bound over to keep the peace, and that instead of five milliards, the contribution exacted should have been twenty. Uneasiness and distrust prevail in all the German states—a dread lest Zouaves and Gallic robbers may suddenly break into their prosperous territory to perpetrate all those cruel deeds they promised four years ago. The fear is not unreasonable. Every day they see the French army growing into unusual strength. It is whispered in Paris that nine hundred thousand men can be carried across the frontier. The Germans hear the mad boasts of the Bonapartists and the priests. They know that all this lavish military preparation is for them. They naturally chafe beneath the recollection that three years ago they might have prevented it all, and imposed such conditions upon their erring neighbor as would have insured the peace of Europe. But the golden moment has passed away. France is no longer the maimed and crippled burglar who in 1870 was caught breaking into his neighbor's house, and stricken down at the door. It has risen from the stunning blow. Trained and recovered, it stands ready to renew the attempt. All the clubs of Paris ring with the terrible chastisement Germany is to receive for the invasion of France, the capture of Paris, the seizure of the lost provinces. One might suppose from the clamor of the Parisian heroes that all the guilt of the recent war had lain on the German side; that the French had innocently fallen a prey to the Teutonic wolves; that Napoleon, De Grammont, the empress, Ollivier, and the Church had been innocent spectators of a German raid; and that to devastate Germany was a duty imposed upon France by religion and honor.

Some recent disclosures have shown that even Napoleon III. himself was not unwilling to avoid the fatal onslaught of 1870. At the earlier meeting of his council, sallow, weak, desponding, touched by mortal disease, he had dictated words that might have led to a return of peace. But the Spanish empress would have no peace. The friend of the exiled Isabella and the faithful servant of the Church, ignorant, frivolous, the victim of the Jesuits, Eugénie that night prevailed upon her husband to change his opinion, or rather seems to have aroused him to a strange passion for war that resembled a sudden freak of madness. The next day he opened the council, we are told, flushed, animated, resolved. De Grammont, Ollivier, the empress herself, were not more determined to bring the controversy to a hostile conclusion. The modern Messalina sat beside him. He dictated with violence (avec une certaine violence) to his ministers, it is claimed, terms that could not fail to awaken a hostile reply, and declared that France would permit no foreign country to destroy (déranger), to its detriment, the balance or power in Europe. From the fatal night when the empress at St. Cloud had sat up with him until the morning light almost broke in upon their deliberations (July 5-6), pressing upon him the most frightful of earthly alternatives, Napoleon was firm in his decision to provoke the war with Germany. Never husband and wife were engaged upon a more memorable controversy. Never did the influence of a deluded and bigoted woman lead to a more terrible catastrophe. No thought had she for the weeping mothers and terrified homes across the Rhine. No pity for the French wives and daughters made desolate by her Castilian pride. Spanish bigotry ruled over France, and Germany bled once more at the command of the Pope.

Such is the legend repeated by the republican papers of Belgium and of Paris, and of its accuracy there seems little doubt. The empress and her secret advisers were the chief authors of the war; De Grammont, Ollivier, Benedetti, Cassagnac, the agents she chiefly employed. None of the more moderate Frenchmen would have rushed to so dangerous an extreme, and only when the popular rage had been excited to madness by the notion of an insult to France, did the Assembly of Deputies resound with the war-cry, and the cafés chantants of Paris sing of a march to Berlin. It was a woman's war as much as the massacre of St. Bartholomew or the expulsion of the Huguenots; an uneducated and thoughtless empress had again rung the tocsin for France. In contrast with the frivolous and inhuman levity of the French rulers, and unhappily of the French statesmen, the future Emperor of Germany and his ministry showed an anxious desire to avoid bloodshed. The patience of the Prussian king was indeed admirable. To the insolent demand of France that he should forbid his kinsman to ascend the Spanish throne he replied temperately. When the Prince of Hohenzollern declined the dangerous crown, he informed the French minister of the happy termination of the unlooked-for controversy. Even Paris believed that peace was assured. But the adventurers who now ruled over France were resolute to enforce a quarrel. A Parisian duelist could not have been more persistent in his effort to extract an insult from an unwilling opponent than was Napoleon to try conclusions with Germany. When King William had made his almost too generous explanation, Napoleon replied by a new and extraordinary demand. He required the Prussian king to engage that none of his family should ever ascend the Spanish throne. Some news of an encouraging character, some intelligence of divisions in Germany, and possibly the moderation of the conduct of the Prussian Diet—some rash inference that King William was scarcely prepared to encounter the armies of France—must have hurried on Napoleon to a sudden resolution, and animated the counsels of St. Cloud. After the capture of the town the Germans found in the palace various telegrams, dated early in July, from all parts of Germany, promising help from the reactionary faction. But whatever might have been his motives, Napoleon pressed his unprecedented demand. Benedetti at Ems insisted on the king's reply. William refused to listen to his preposterous arguments. He turned away from him in weariness and disdain. The telegram flashed to Paris the not unexpected news that France had been subjected to the gravest insult. In the hot days of July the French capital rang with the cry of war. Ollivier and Favre, republicans and Bonapartists, plunged into the fatal abyss without a cause, and with no plain reason except that a Spanish empress ruled France, and a sick emperor had not the courage to oppose her wishes.

It is with the conclusion of this unjust war, which they began so inconsiderately, and in which they suffered no more than they deserved, had only the guilty suffered, that the ruling faction of the French complain. They have, indeed, no cause of complaint. It is rather remarkable, as the Cologne editors assert, that they were permitted to escape so easily. If a burglar attempts to break into our houses, the Germans argue, we have the right to repel him, and bar the passage through which he came; if a person threatens to rob our lands five years hence, have we not the right to prevent him now? The foreign policy of the French since the peace has been singularly imprudent. They have tampered with the Carlist insurgents, and sent their young nobles and their money to aid the butcheries in Spain. They ordered a ship of war to lie in the port of Civita Vecchia to protect the Pope against the Italians. They have threatened Italy until it has been forced to plan new lines of fortifications in the Alps, and waste large sums in costly military preparations. No one doubts that, if they dared, the rulers of the French would overrun at once the rich peninsula, and plunder it as freely as in the time of Napoleon I. They have assembled a vast army in a period of apparent peace, nor does any German fail to see where that powerful force is designed to operate. The leaders of a faction of the French make no secret of their plans. Every body knows that they mean to attack Germany whenever there is a hope of plunder and of victory, and Cologne, Treves, Mentz, the Palatinate, the favorite scene of French barbarities, and Strasburg, the early seat of the Reformation, naturally grow weary of this terrible and constant excitement of impending war, and ask whether no method can be found by which France shall be held to pacific counsels by an indestructible bond.

It is worthy of notice that all these unwise measures on the part of the rulers of France have been entered upon without ever consulting the wishes of the people, and even in defiance of their known preferences. The Assembly elected to form a government has concluded to govern itself. It has named a dictator for seven years without any appeal to the nation; it proposes to restrict the suffrage, and name a House of Nobles; it has created an enormous army, threatened the peace of Europe. There still remains the hope that the working-men and the agricultural population of France, the mechanics, traders, artisans, manufacturers, may revolt against the domination of a military class, and bring good sense and honest principles into the legislation of Versailles. Another war would prove the ruin of French republicanism, and probably plunge the nation in a depth of misery to which all its past misfortunes would seem light and easy to be borne. In peace it may find the elements of unprecedented prosperity.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Another fight with the Texan Indians occurred near Jacksborough on the 24th ult. The redskins, numbering 500, defeated the Montagne Rangers and a body of United States cavalry combined, and drove them back to the town. Several of the soldiers were killed, including the commander of the cavalry.

The New York Republican Central Committee have decided to hold the State Convention at Utica, September 23.

A magazine exploded at Pottsville, Pennsylvania, on the 29th ult., killing three men and fatally injuring a boy.

The Alabama Democratic State Convention met in Montgomery on the 29th ult., and nominated George S. Houston for Governor.

President Grant has ratified the extradition treaty with Peru and the trade-marks treaty with Russia.

Governor Ames, of Mississippi, applied to the President for an armed force to preserve the peace, in view of political differences in the State, but the President refused, saying that the troops would not be moved except under a call made strictly in accordance with the terms of the Constitution.

The horse-thieves in Kansas are having a hard time of it. A vigilance committee has been formed at Wellington, and three men were hanged on the 30th ult.

The postal convention with France went into effect on the 1st inst. The postage on letters from this country is nine cents per half ounce.

Great bodies of grasshoppers have appeared in Western and Southwestern Kansas, and are destroying every thing. Much damage is apprehended.

The Sharon express on the Susquehanna Railroad ran off the track near Cobleskill on the 31st ult. Of the thirty passengers on the train about one-half were injured, but none seriously.

Commodore Thompson Darrah Shaw, a retired officer of the United States navy, died at Germantown on the 26th ult.

The Arkansas Constitutional Convention has passed an article limiting the franchise to male citizens.

An attempt was made to tar and feather a man at the spiritualist camp-meeting at Oak Bluffs, Massachusetts, on the 2d, but the parties failed, and one of them was shot and killed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is stated that Italy has made a demand upon France for the recall of the war ship *Orénoque*, which has been permanently stationed at Civita Vecchia as a refuge for the Pope in case of necessity.

The flax-mill workmen of Belfast, Ireland, are on a strike, and are making threatening demonstrations. The magistrates have asked for four hundred additional policemen to protect the city.

The Carlists claim a great victory over the republicans between Castel Follet and Figueras, near the frontier. The losses were heavy on both sides.

The village of Alarra, in Navarre, has been entirely destroyed by a land-slide. Two hundred dead bodies were taken from the ruins.

The French Assembly on the 29th ult. defeated a motion for dissolution by a vote of 332 yeas to 374 nays. A motion to raise the state of siege was rejected, and another to adjourn on August 6 till November 30 was carried. On the 1st inst. the session was so violent and disorderly that the President was obliged to suspend it. The cause of the trouble was the statement of M. D'Istrai that the republic had gone down before the scorn of honest men.

The great Prince's Dock landing-stages, at Liverpool, were entirely destroyed by fire on the 28th ult. The loss will reach a million dollars.

The excavations for the new law courts had rendered Temple Bar, in London, unsafe, and all traffic under it between the Strand and Fleet Street had been interdicted; but travel has now been resumed, that structure having been propped up and declared safe.

The King of Ashantee has paid a further installment of $6000 to Great Britain on the war indemnity.

The Boston and Philadelphia base-ball clubs, whose portraits we gave recently, have arrived safely in Liverpool.

The steamer *Milbank* was sunk recently off Dungeness, and fifteen of the crew were drowned. The Japanese steamer *Tai-Onuru* was lost June 15, with twenty-seven of the crew.

Dr. Janizewski, the Suffragan Bishop of Posen, has been arrested for violation of the ecclesiastical laws, and condemned to fifteen months' imprisonment.

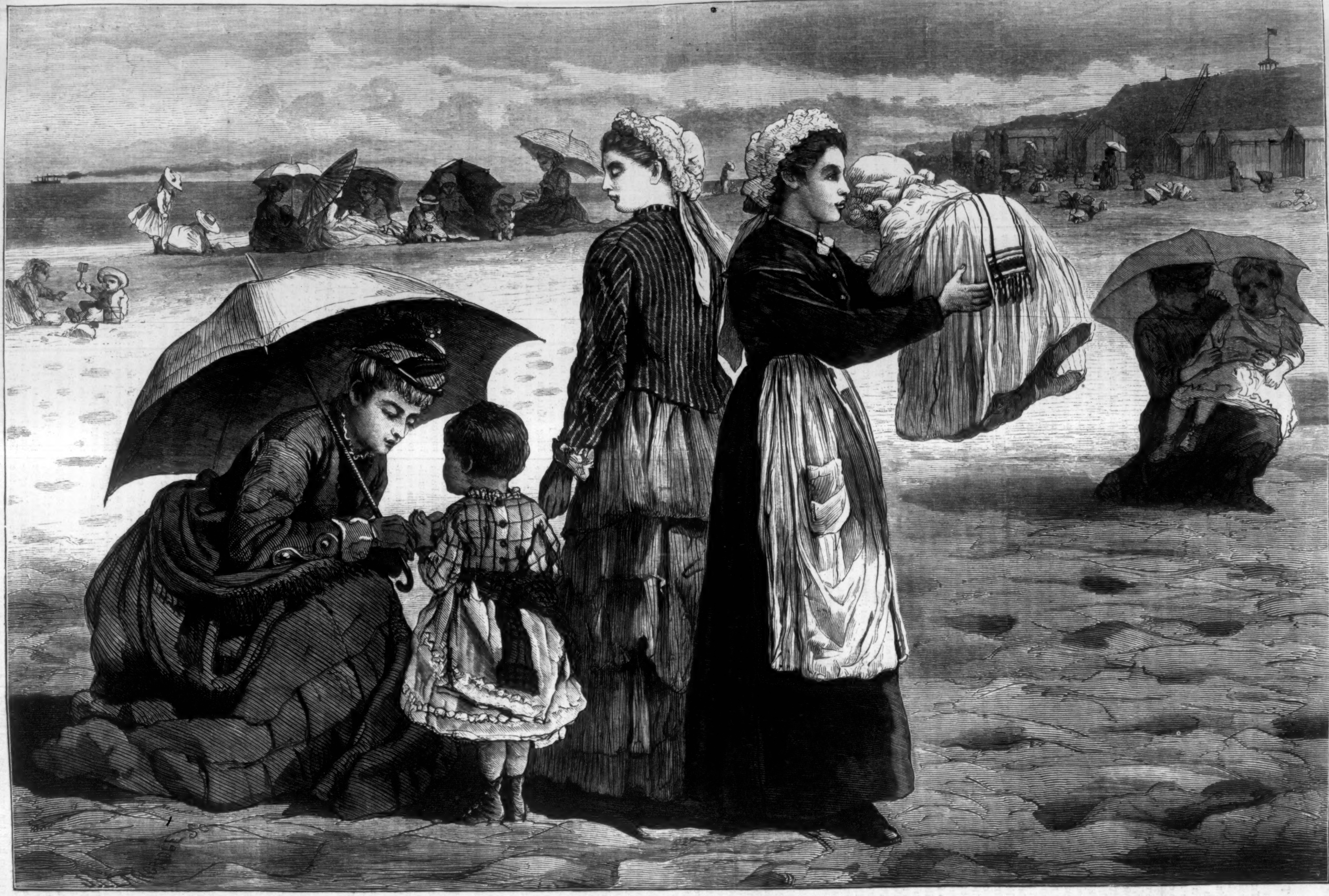
The *North German Gazette* declares that the object of sending the German squadron into Spanish waters is merely to protect German residents in Spain.

The International Sanitary Congress at Vienna has closed its session.

The Brussels International Congress convened on the 27th ult. Baron Jomini was chosen President.

The Spanish delegates to the International Congress at Brussels have been instructed to take no part in its deliberations while the republic is unrecognized by the great powers.

The recent storms in Moravia appear to have been very serious in their results, two towns and eleven villages having been devastated. The government has sent troops to assist the inhabitants.



ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.—[Drawn by Winslow Homer.]

THE FROZEN DEEP.

A Short Story.

By WILKIE COLLINS.

FIRST SCENE.—THE BALL-ROOM.

CHAPTER I.

THE date is between twenty and thirty years ago. The place is an English sea-port. The time is night. And the business of the moment is—dancing.

The Mayor and Corporation of the town are giving a grand ball, in celebration of the departure of an Arctic expedition from their port. The ships of the expedition are two in number—the *Wanderer* and the *Sea-Mew*. They are to sail (in search of the Northwest Passage) on the next day with the morning tide.

Honor to the Mayor and Corporation! It is a brilliant ball. The band is complete. The room is spacious. The large conservatory opening out of it is pleasantly lit with Chinese lanterns, and beautifully decorated with shrubs and flowers. All officers of the army and navy who are present wear their uniforms in honor of the occasion. Among the ladies the display of dresses (a subject which the men don't understand) is bewildering, and the average of beauty (a subject which the men do understand) is the highest average attainable, in all parts of the room.

For the moment, the dance which is in progress is a quadrille. General admiration selects two of the ladies who are dancing as its favorite objects. One is a dark beauty in the prime of womanhood, the wife of First Lieutenant Crayford, of the *Wanderer*. The other is a young girl, pale and delicate; dressed simply in white; with no ornament on her head but her own lovely brown hair. This is Miss Clara Burnham—an orphan. She is Mrs. Crayford's dearest friend, and she is to stay with Mrs. Crayford during the lieutenant's absence in the Arctic regions. She is now dancing, with the lieutenant himself for partner, and with Mrs. Crayford and Captain Helding (commanding officer of the *Wanderer*) for vis-à-vis—in plain English, for opposite couple.

The conversation between Captain Helding and Mrs. Crayford, in one of the intervals of the dance, turns on Miss Burnham. The captain is greatly interested in Clara. He admires her beauty, but he thinks her manner—for a young girl—strangely serious and subdued. Is she in delicate health?

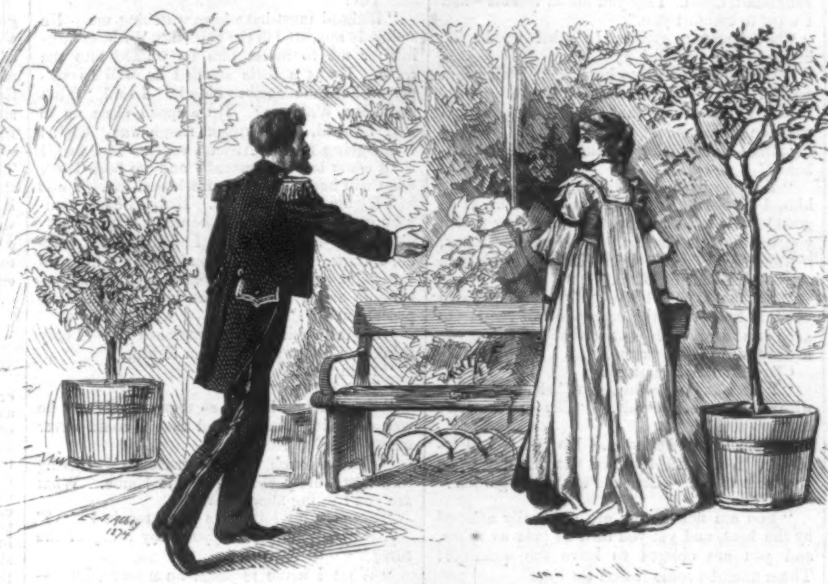
Mrs. Crayford shakes her head, sighs mysteriously, and answers,

"In *very* delicate health, Captain Helding."

"Consumptive?"

"Not in the least."

"I am glad to hear that. She is a charming creature, Mrs. Crayford. She interests me indescribably. If I was only twenty years younger—perhaps (as I am *not* twenty years younger) I had better not finish the sentence? Is it indiscreet, my dear lady, to inquire what *is* the matter with her?"



"SHE STOOD BEFORE HIM, SPEECHLESS."

"It might be indiscreet on the part of a stranger," said Mrs. Crayford. "An old friend like you may make any inquiries. I wish I could tell you what is the matter with Clara. It is a mystery to the doctors themselves. Some of the mischief is due, in my humble opinion, to the manner in which she has been brought up."

"Ay, ay! A bad school, I suppose?"

"Very bad, Captain Helding. But not the sort of school which you have in your mind at this moment. Clara's early years were spent in a lonely old house in the Highlands of Scotland. The ignorant people about her were the people who did the mischief which I have just been speaking of. They filled her mind with the superstitions which are still respected as truths in the wild north—especially the superstition called the Second-sight."

"God bless me!" cried the captain, "you don't mean to say she believes in such stuff as that? In these enlightened times, too!"

Mrs. Crayford looked at her partner with a satirical smile.

"In these enlightened times, Captain Helding, we only believe in dancing tables, and in messages sent from the other world by spirits who can't spell! By comparison with such superstitions as these, even the Second-sight has something—in the shape of poetry—to recommend it, surely? Estimate for yourself," she continued, seriously, "the effect of such surroundings as I have described on a delicate, sensitive young creature—a girl with a naturally imaginative temperament, leading a lonely, neglected life. Is it so very surprising that she should catch the infection of the superstition about her? And is it quite incomprehensible that her nervous system should suffer accordingly, at a very critical period of her life?"

"Not at all, Mrs. Crayford—not at all, ma'am, as you put it. Still it *is* a little startling, to a common-place man like me, to meet a young lady at a ball who believes in the Second-sight. Does she really profess to see into the future? Am I to understand that she positively falls into a trance, and sees people in distant countries, and foretells events to come? That is the Second-sight, is it not?"

"That is the Second-sight, captain. And that is, really and positively, what she does."

"The young lady who is dancing opposite to us?"

"The young lady who is dancing opposite to us."

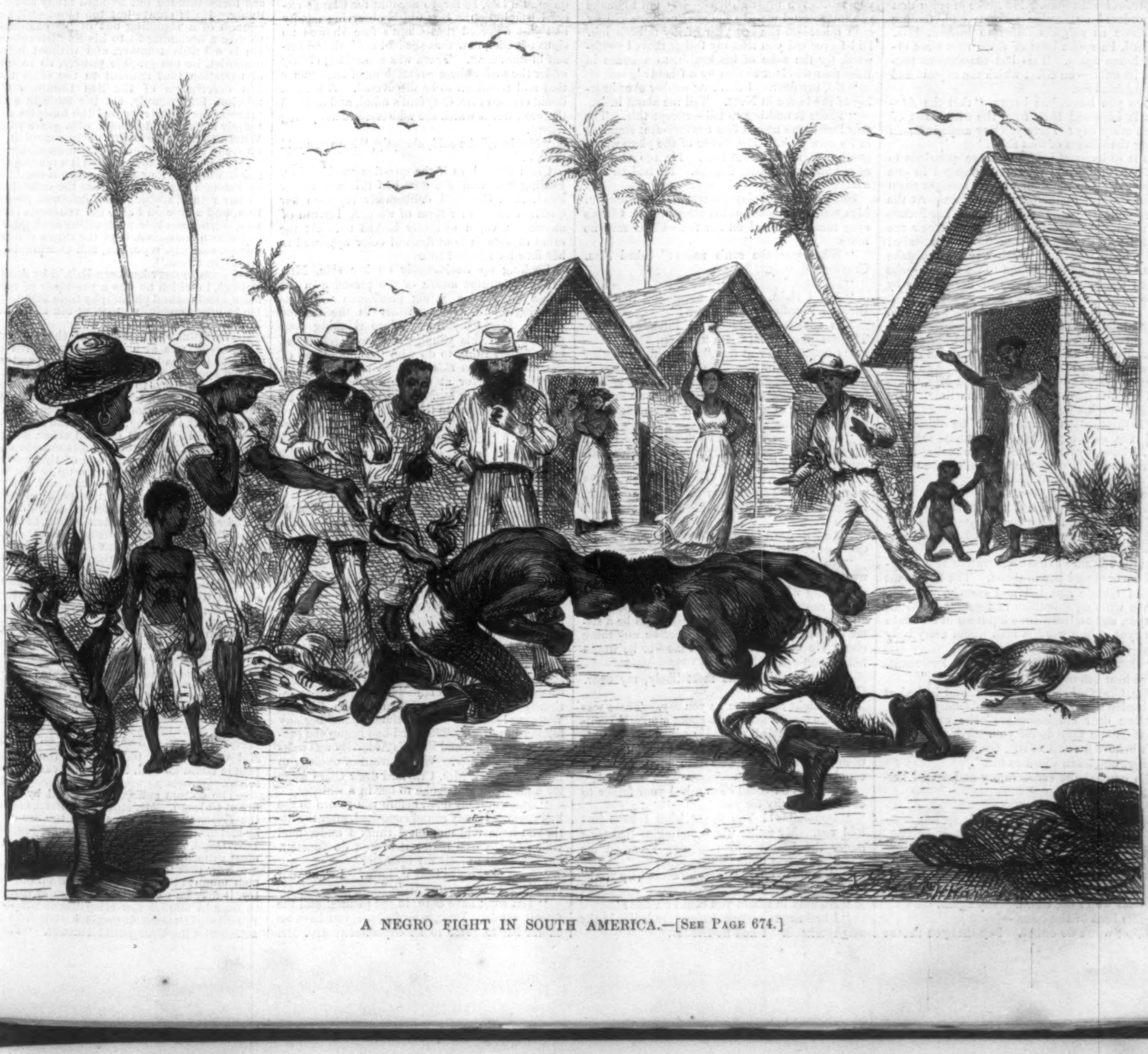
The captain waited a little—letting the new flood of information which had poured in on him settle itself steadily in his mind. This process accomplished, the Arctic explorer proceeded resolutely on his way to further discoveries.

"May I ask, ma'am, if you have ever seen her in a state of trance with your own eyes?" he inquired.

"My sister and I both saw her in the trance, little more than a month since," Mrs. Crayford replied. "She had been nervous and irritable all the morning, and we took her out into the garden to breathe the fresh air. Suddenly, without any reason for it, the color left her face. She stood between us, insensible to touch, insensible to sound; motionless as stone, and cold as death, in a moment. The first change we noticed came after a lapse of some minutes. Her hands began to move slowly, as if she was groping in the dark. Words dropped one by one from her lips, in a lost, vacant tone, as if she was talking in her sleep. Whether what she said referred to past or future I can not tell you. She spoke of persons in a foreign country—perfect strangers to my sister and to me. After a little interval she suddenly became silent. A momentary color appeared in her face, and left it again. Her eyes closed—her feet failed her—and she sank insensible into our arms."

"Sank insensible into your arms," repeated the captain, absorbing his new information. "Most extraordinary! And, in this state of health, she goes out to parties and dances. More extraordinary still!"

"You are entirely mistaken," said Mrs. Crayford. "She is only here to-night to please me. And she is only dancing to please my hus-



A NEGRO FIGHT IN SOUTH AMERICA.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

band. As a rule, she shuns all society. The doctor recommends change and amusement for her. She won't listen to him. Except on rare occasions like this, she persists in remaining at home."

Captain Helding brightened at the allusion to the doctor. Something practical might be got out of the doctor. Scientific man. Sure to see this very obscure subject under a new light. "How does it strike the doctor, now?" said the captain. "Viewed simply as a Case, ma'am, how does it strike the doctor?"

"He will give no positive opinion," Mrs. Crayford answered. "He told me that such cases as Clara's were by no means unfamiliar to medical practice. 'We know,' he told me, 'that certain disordered conditions of the brain and the nervous system produce results quite as extraordinary as any that you have described—and there our knowledge ends. Neither my science, nor any man's science, can clear up the mystery in this case. It is an especially difficult case to deal with, because Miss Burnham's early associations dispose her to attach a superstitious importance to the malady—the hysterical malady, as some doctors would call it—from which she suffers. I can give you instructions for preserving her general health, and I can recommend you to try some change in her life—provided you first relieve her mind of any secret anxieties that may possibly be preying on it.'"

The captain smiled self-approvingly. The doctor had justified his anticipations. The doctor had suggested a practical solution of the difficulty.

"Ay! ay! At last we have hit the nail on the head! Secret anxieties. Yes! yes! Plain enough now. A disappointment in love—eh, Mrs. Crayford?"

"I don't know, Captain Helding; I am quite in the dark. Clara's confidence in me—in other matters unbounded—is, in this matter of her (supposed) anxieties, a confidence still withheld. In all else we are like sisters. I sometimes fear there may indeed be some trouble preying secretly on her mind. I sometimes feel a little hurt at her incomprehensible silence."

Captain Helding was ready with his own practical remedy for this difficulty.

"Encouragement is all she wants, ma'am. Take my word for it, this matter rests entirely with you. It's all in a nutshell. Encourage her to confide in you—and she *will* confide."

"I am waiting to encourage her, captain, until she is left alone with me—after you have all sailed for the Arctic Seas. In the mean time will you consider what I have said to you as intended for your ear only? And will you forgive me if I own that the turn the subject has taken does not tempt me to pursue it any farther?"

The captain took the hint. He instantly changed the subject, choosing on this occasion safe professional topics. He spoke of ships that were ordered on foreign service; and, finding that these as subjects failed to interest Mrs. Crayford, he spoke next of ships that were ordered home again. This last experiment produced its effect—an effect which the captain had not bargained for.

"Do you know," he began, "that the *Atalanta* is expected back from the west coast of Africa every day? Have you any acquaintances among the officers of that ship?"

As it so happened, he put those questions to Mrs. Crayford while they were engaged in one of the figures of the dance which brought them within hearing of the opposite couple. At the same moment—to the astonishment of her friends and admirers—Miss Clara Burnham threw the quadrille into confusion by making a mistake! Every body waited to see her set the mistake right. She made no attempt to set it right—she turned deadly pale, and caught her partner by the arm.

"The heat!" she said, faintly. "Take me away—take me into the air!"

Lieutenant Crayford instantly led her out of the dance, and took her into the cool and empty conservatory at the end of the room. As a matter of course, Captain Helding and Mrs. Crayford left the quadrille at the same time. The captain saw his way to a joke.

"Is this the trance coming on?" he whispered. "If it is, as commander of the Arctic Expedition, I have a particular request to make. Will the Second-sight oblige me by seeing the shortest way to the Northwest Passage before we leave England?"

Mrs. Crayford declined to humor the joke. "If you will excuse my leaving you," she said, quietly, "I will try and find out what is the matter with Miss Burnham."

At the entrance to the conservatory Mrs. Crayford encountered her husband. The lieutenant was of middle age, tall and comely. A man with a winning simplicity and gentleness in his manner, and an irresistible kindness in his brave blue eyes. In a word, a man whom every body loved—including his wife.

"Don't be alarmed," said the lieutenant. "The heat has overcome her—that's all."

Mrs. Crayford shook her head, and looked at her husband half satirically, half fondly.

"You dear old innocent!" she exclaimed; "that excuse may do for you. For my part, I don't believe a word of it. Go and get another partner, and leave Clara to me."

She entered the conservatory and seated herself by Clara's side.

CHAPTER II.

"Now, my dear!" (Mrs. Crayford began) "what does this mean?"

"Nothing."

"That won't do, Clara. Try again."

"The heat of the room—"

"That won't do either. Say that you choose to keep your own secrets, and I shall understand what you mean."

Clara's sad, clear gray eyes looked up for the first time in Mrs. Crayford's face, and suddenly became dimmed with tears.

"If I only dared tell you!" she murmured. "I hold so to your good opinion of me, Lucy—and I am so afraid of losing it!"

Mrs. Crayford's manner changed. Her eyes rested gravely and anxiously on Clara's face.

"You know as well as I do that nothing can shake my affection for you," she said. "Do justice, my child, to your old friend. There is nobody here to listen to what we say. Open your heart, Clara. I see you are in trouble—and I want to comfort you."

Clara began to yield. In other words, she began to make conditions.

"Will you promise to keep what I tell you a secret from every living creature?" she began.

Mrs. Crayford met that question by putting a question on her side.

"Does 'every living creature' include my husband?"

"Your husband more than any body! I love him, I revere him. He is so noble! he is so good! If I told him what I am going to tell you, he would despise me. Own it plainly, Lucy, if I am asking too much in asking you to keep a secret from your husband."

"Nonsense, child! When you are married you will know that the easiest of all secrets to keep is a secret from your husband. I give you my promise. Now begin!"

Clara hesitated painfully.

"I don't know how to begin!" she exclaimed, with a burst of despair. "The words won't come to me."

"Then I must help you. Do you feel ill to-night? Do you feel as you felt that day when you were with my sister and me in the garden?"

"Oh no."

"You are not ill, you are not really affected by the heat, and yet you turn as pale as ashes, and you are obliged to leave the quadrille! There must be some reason for this."

"There *is* a reason. Captain Helding—"

"Captain Helding! What, in the name of wonder, has the captain to do with it?"

"He told you something about the *Atalanta*. He said the *Atalanta* was expected back from Africa immediately."

"Well, and what of that? Is there any body in whom you are interested coming home in the ship?"

"Somebody whom I am afraid of is coming home in the ship."

Mrs. Crayford's magnificent black eyes opened wide in amazement.

"My dear Clara! do you really mean what you say?"

"Wait a little, Lucy, and you shall judge for yourself. We must go back—if I am to make you understand me—to the year before we knew each other—to the last year of my father's life. Did I ever tell you that my father moved southward, for the sake of his health, to a house in Kent that was lent to him by a friend?"

"No, my dear. I don't remember ever hearing of the house in Kent. Tell me about it."

"There is nothing to tell—except this. The new house was near a fine country-seat standing in its own park. The owner of the place was a gentleman named Wardour. He too was one of my father's Kentish friends. He had an only son."

She paused, and played nervously with her fan. Mrs. Crayford looked at her attentively. Clara's eyes remained fixed on her fan—Clara said no more.

"What was the son's name?" asked Mrs. Crayford, quietly.

"Richard."

"Am I right, Clara, in suspecting that Mr. Richard Wardour admired you?"

The question produced its intended effect. The question helped Clara to go on.

"I hardly knew at first," she said, "whether he admired me or not. He was very strange in his ways—headstrong, terribly headstrong and passionate, but generous and affectionate in spite of his faults of temper. Can you understand such a character?"

"Such characters exist by thousands. I have my faults of temper. I begin to like Richard already. Go on."

"The days went by, Lucy, and the weeks went by. We were thrown very much together. I began, little by little, to have some suspicion of the truth."

"And Richard helped to confirm your suspicions, of course?"

"No. He was not—unhappily for me—he was not that sort of man. He never spoke of the feeling with which he regarded me. It was I who saw it. I couldn't help seeing it. I did all I could to show that I was willing to be a sister to him, and that I could never be any thing else. He did not understand me—or he would not—I can't say which."

"'Would not' is the most likely, my dear. Go on."

"It might have been as you say. There was a strange rough bashfulness about him. He confused and puzzled me. He never spoke out. He seemed to treat me as if our future lives had been provided for while we were children. What could I do, Lucy?"

"Do? You could have asked your father to end the difficulty for you."

"Impossible! You forget what I have just told you. My father was suffering at that time under the illness which afterward caused his death. He was quite unfit to interfere."

"Was there no one else who could help you?"

"No one."

"No lady in whom you could confide?"

"I had acquaintances among the ladies in the neighborhood. I had no friends."

"What did you do, then?"

"Nothing. I hesitated; I put off coming to an explanation with him—unfortunately until it was too late."

"What do you mean by too late?"

"You shall hear. I ought to have told you that Richard Wardour is in the navy—"

"Indeed? I am more interested in him than ever. Well?"

"One spring day Richard came to our house to take leave of us before he joined his ship. I thought he was gone, and I went into the next room. It was my own sitting-room, and it opened on to the garden."

"Yes?"

"Richard must have been watching me. He suddenly appeared in the garden. Without waiting for me to invite him he walked into the room. I was a little startled as well as surprised, but I managed to hide it. I said, 'What is it, Mr. Wardour?' He stepped close up to me; he said, in his quick, rough way, 'Clara! I am going to the African coast. If I live, I shall come back promoted; and we both know what will happen then.' He kissed me. I was half frightened, half angry. Before I could compose myself to say a word he was out in the garden again—he was gone! I ought to have spoken, I know. It was not honorable, not kind toward *him*. You can't reproach me for want of courage and frankness more bitterly than I reproach myself!"

"My dear child, I don't reproach you. I only think you might have written to him."

"I did write."

"Plainly?"

"Yes. I told him in so many words that he was deceiving himself, and that I could never marry him."

"Plain enough, in all conscience! Having said that, surely you are not to blame. What are you fretting about now?"

"Suppose my letter has never reached him?"

"Why should you suppose any thing of the sort?"

"What I wrote required an answer, Lucy—*asked* for an answer. The answer has never come. What is the plain conclusion? My letter has never reached him. And the *Atalanta* is expected back! Richard Wardour is returning to England—Richard Wardour will claim me as his wife! You wondered just now if I really meant what I said. Do you doubt it still?"

Mrs. Crayford leaned back absently in her chair. For the first time since the conversation had begun, she let a question pass without making a reply. The truth is, Mrs. Crayford was thinking.

She saw Clara's position plainly; she understood the disturbing effect of it on the mind of a young girl. Still, making all allowances, she felt quite at a loss, so far, to account for Clara's excessive agitation. Her quick observing faculty had just detected that Clara's face showed no signs of relief, now that she had unburdened herself of her secret. There was something clearly under the surface here—something of importance that still remained to be discovered. A shrewd doubt crossed Mrs. Crayford's mind, and inspired the next words which she addressed to her young friend.

"My dear," she said, abruptly, "have you told me all?"

Clara started, as if the question terrified her. Feeling sure that she now had the clew in her hand, Mrs. Crayford deliberately repeated her question in another form of words. Instead of answering, Clara suddenly looked up. At the same moment a faint flush of color appeared in her face for the first time.

Looking up instinctively on her side, Mrs. Crayford became aware of the presence in the conservatory of a young gentleman who was claiming Clara as his partner in the coming waltz. Mrs. Crayford fell into thinking once more. Had this young gentleman (she asked herself) any thing to do with the untold end of the story? Was *this* the true secret of Clara Burnham's terror at the impending return of Richard Wardour? Mrs. Crayford decided on putting her doubts to the test.

"A friend of yours, my dear?" she asked, innocently. "Suppose you introduce us to each other."

Clara confusedly introduced the young gentleman. "Mr. Francis Aldersley, Lucy. Mr. Aldersley belongs to the Arctic Expedition."

"Attached to the expedition?" Mrs. Crayford repeated. "I am attached to the expedition too—in my way. I had better introduce myself, Mr. Aldersley, as Clara seems to have forgotten to do it for me. I am Mrs. Crayford. My husband is Lieutenant Crayford, of the *Wanderer*. Do you belong to that ship?"

"I have not the honor, Mrs. Crayford. I belong to the *Sea-Mew*."

Mrs. Crayford's superb eyes looked shrewdly backward and forward between Clara and Francis Aldersley, and saw the untold sequel to Clara's story. The young officer was a bright, handsome, gentleman-like lad—just the person to seriously complicate the difficulty with Richard Wardour! There was no time for making any further inquiries. The band had begun the prelude to the waltz, and Francis Aldersley was waiting for his partner. With a word of apology to the young man, Mrs. Crayford drew Clara aside for a moment, and spoke to her in a whisper.

"One word, my dear, before you return to the ball-room. It may sound conceited, after the little you have told me, but I think I understand your position *now* better than you do yourself. Do you want to hear my opinion?"

"I am longing to hear it, Lucy. I want your opinion; I want your advice."

"You shall have both, in the plainest and the fewest words. First, my opinion: you have no choice but to come to an explanation with Mr. Wardour as soon as he returns. Second, my advice: if you wish to make the explanation easy to both sides, take care that you make it in the character of a free woman."

She laid a strong emphasis on the last three words, and looked pointedly at Francis Aldersley as she pronounced them. "I won't keep you from your partner any longer, Clara," she resumed, and led the way back to the ball-room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NEGRO FIGHT.

THE engraving on page 673 represents a negro fight witnessed by the artist in a village of Venezuela. Two negroes, rivals for the affections of a dusky belle, after screaming and jabbering at each other for nearly an hour, and keeping the whole neighborhood in an uproar, suddenly stripped to the waist, and ran at each other like rams. No one can realize what a negro's head will stand until he has witnessed a fight like this. The two enraged men ran at each other with all their might, time after time, occasionally jumping into the air and striking their heads together with a crash distinctly audible across a square of considerable size. The contestants were well matched, and after both had pretty well exhausted their strength, each withdrew from the field of battle with menaces of a future conflict.

PERSONAL.

BARON LEDERER, who returns to Austria after six years of active and honorable service as Austrian minister at Washington, leaves no one in the diplomatic corps more highly esteemed. We are told by the *Tribune* that immediately after his arrival he proposed and concluded a consular treaty tending greatly to facilitate navigation and commerce between this country and his own. The responsible and important position of umpire of the arbitrators in the American and Spanish Claims Commission was tendered to him in February, 1871, by the Spanish and American governments. He accepted, by consent of the Austrian government, but declined the offered salary of $3000 a year in gold. The decisions rendered, often involving large amounts of money and property, showed the baron to be as good a lawyer as diplomatist. On retiring from Washington he has received from the Emperor FRANCIS JOSEPH the commandery of the Leopold Order. He has worthily continued the work begun by his father, who, in 1829, as Austrian consul-general in New York, concluded a treaty of amity and commerce with the United States.

—Mr. DONN PIATT, who writes so pleasantly about people in the Washington *Capital*, has the following allusion to one of the most brilliant gentlemen connected with the American press: "W. H. HURLBUT is a handsome fellow, on the turn of forty, with his once luxuriant locks thinned out by hard study and good living. He is stout—not too stout—with just enough of a rounding out of his commissary to give a becoming fit to his English-cut coat. He is a brilliant talker, and without being a humorist, he has graphic powers, so to speak, of narration that amount to the same thing. His description of the San Domingo Commission, for example, set the table in a roar. 'HOWE,' he said, 'regarded the business as intensely solemn, and fraught with grave results. WHITE thought he ought so to regard it, and strove in that direction with commendable zeal. But old BEN WADE considered it a roaring farce, and did all that he could to make it one.' And so through every event, from the embarkation to the return, including an informal presentation, and a ride on bulls, the venerable BENJAMIN, solemn as a gate-post, acting as ring-master and clown combined, kept the ship's company, sailors, marines, reporters, and Commissioners' clerks, in a roar."

—JACOB ABBOTT has been D.D.'d by Amherst College, in which he was a professor of mathematics and natural philosophy from 1825 to 1829. He is now gracefully growing old at his home in Farmington, Maine.

—Mr. MURAT HALSTEAD, of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, was at a dinner given a few days since in London by the Cobden Club, and made a brief speech on free trade that awoke the enterprising Britons to a high state of hand-clapping. His speech, according to Mr. SMALLEY, the *Tribune's* London correspondent, was the success of the evening, and had the honor to be reported. It was full of good sense, good humor, and had many good points outside of free trade. Mr. HALSTEAD is one of those peculiar men that have recently grown up in the West, who not only write well, but talk well, and exert a potent influence in matters political and social. HENRY WATTERSON, of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and HORACE WHITE, of the Chicago *Tribune*, belong in the same class.

—FROUDE and KINGSLEY are the subjects of a recent epigram at Cambridge. FROUDE, in his late inaugural address as rector of the University of Edinburgh, ascribed a want of veracity to clerical writers; and his friend Canon KINGSLEY, when resigning his professorship at Oxford, dwelt on the proneness of historians to indulge in fiction. The wits therefore put the two observations together, with the following result:

"FROUDE informs the Scottish youth
That parsons have no care for truth;
While Canon KINGSLEY loudly cries
That history is a pack of lies.

"What cause for judgment so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery;
For FROUDE thinks KINGSLEY a divine,
And KINGSLEY goes to FROUDE for history."

Not very brilliant, but the best those English people could do with it, and they exerted themselves.

—The editors suffered somewhat by the late fire at Chicago. Mr. HORACE WHITE, editor of the *Tribune*, lost his house. In the fire of 1871 he lost his office. Mr. JOHN Y. SCAMMON, of the *Inter-Ocean*, also lost his house, and one of the most valuable libraries in the State.

—Now that the time has arrived when statesmen mount stumps and expatiate on our country, it may be well enough for party managers to bear in mind a few crisp words uttered by Principal TULLOCK during his visit here as a member of the Evangelical Alliance. "The last election in Scotland," said he, "has shown us, I think, that there are there, as in all countries, men who don't go to platforms, who don't write in newspapers; men who are intelligent and cultured and liberal and thoughtful and sensible; and the great mistake all extreme politicians make is in ignoring this class, and taking into consideration the men who shout most."

—The Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston, one of the most eloquent preachers of the Episcopal Church in New England, has been lifting up his voice in Westminster Abbey, where he preached a few Sundays ago. There are several clever men—Canon Kingsley among them—who have snug positions in and incomes from the famous old Abbey, but not one, probably, who is so fine a preacher as Phillips Brooks.

—Mirza Khan, the Shah of Persia's Grand Vizier, was banished for the crime, in the eyes of fanatics, of advising his sovereign to visit Europe. Not long since he was reinstated, and now the high dignitaries who procured his disgrace have been compelled to emanate from the country.

—Mrs. Hester Authors, of Templeville, Delaware, has reached the age of one hundred and twelve. She was present at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 1776, and was then fourteen years of age. She has a daughter, with whom she is now living, the third child after marriage, who is now seventy-six years old. She is a sprightly old lady, and comes to Philadelphia twice a year to see her grandchildren.

—Jules Janin bequeathed his library, one of the best private collections in France, to his native town, St. Etienne.

—James Lick having given $150,000 for a monument to the memory of Francis S. Key, author of *The Star-spangled Banner*, it is proposed by the Philadelphia *Press* that $100,000 be raised "for a monument to Joseph Hopkinson," the author of *Hail, Columbia*. The history of the composition of the latter was told as follows, in 1840, by Mr. Hopkinson himself: "The song was written in the summer of 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable. A young singer was about to take his benefit at the theatre. I had known him when at school. On this acquaintance he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had twenty boxes taken, and the prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit from the performance; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the *President's March*, then the popular air, he did not doubt a full house; that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him. It was announced on Monday morning, and the theatre was crowded to excess, and so continued for the rest of the whole season, the song being encored and repeated many times, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress." The history of the composition of our other national song is as follows: Mr. Key had left Baltimore (1814) with a flag of truce, for the purpose of getting released from the British fleet a friend of his who had been captured at Marlborough. He went as far as the mouth of the Patuxent, and was not permitted to return, lest the intended attack on Baltimore should be disclosed. He was therefore brought up the bay to the mouth of the Patapsco, where the flag-vessel was kept under the guns of a frigate; and he was compelled to witness the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, which the admiral had boasted he would carry in a few hours, and that the city must fall. He watched the flag at the fort through the whole day, with infinite anxiety, until night prevented him from seeing it. In the night he watched the bomb-shells, and at early dawn his eye was again greeted by the flag of his country.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Wheeler expedition started from Washington to concentrate at Pueblo, Colorado, the 15th of July, leaving there as soon thereafter as the different parties can be got into shape. It will move in three separate divisions, which will occupy portions of Southwestern Colorado and Northern New Mexico. The principal localities to be examined are south of the thirty-eighth parallel of north latitude, in the neighborhood of the Rio San Juan and the northern tributaries of the Rio Grande, Rio Chamas, Pecos, and Canadian, a region extremely interesting, and which must shortly be opened up for mining purposes. There will be two separate astronomical parties, one in charge of Mr. John H. Clark, with one assistant, at the observatory, Ogden, Utah; the other in charge of Dr. F. L. Kampf, who will have two assistants, and will occupy stations at Las Vegas, Cimmaron, Sidney Barracks, Julesburgh, and the crossing of the Union Pacific Railroad at the one hundredth meridian. In New Mexico there will be a special party operating, consisting of Professor E. D. Cope, paleontologist, and Dr. H. C. Yarrow, naturalist of the survey, and one assistant. These gentlemen will visit certain specified areas in the valley of the Rio Grande and Rio San Juan. The main division will be in charge of Lieutenant Wheeler, assisted by Lieutenant C. W. Whipple and six civilian assistants. The first party of the first division will be in charge of Lieutenant W. L. Marshall, with three civilian assistants. The second party consists of Lieutenant Rogers Birnie and five civilian assistants. The first party of the second division, Lieutenant P. M. Price and four civilian assistants; second party, Lieutenant S. E. Blunt and three civilian assistants. There is also a special natural history party, at present operating in portions of Arizona and New Mexico, consisting of Dr. J. T. Rothrock, botanist, Professor H. W. Henshaw, ornithologist, and James Rutter, general collector. Dr. Oscar Loew will accompany the expedition as chemist and mineralogist, and will be assigned to one of the above-named sections. The entire expedition is made up of nine different parties, and will cover a wide and interesting field; and it is hoped that our geographical knowledge, in the broadest sense of the word, will be greatly augmented by its labors and investigations.

Mr. Henshaw and his associates of the special party, above referred to, have been heard from in the vicinity of Fort Wingate, New Mexico, where they were making the best of their way south. They have already secured extensive collections of specimens, and a box has been received at the Washington office containing a number of bird skins, Indian crania, fish, reptiles, insects, plants, etc. This party will proceed south to near the Mexican boundary, and then retrace their steps, disbanding at Santa Fe in the fall.

During the past winter Mr. J. Matthew Jones, a well-known Nova Scotian naturalist, has been engaged in continuing his explorations into the natural history of the Bermudas, commenced by him many years ago. His observations prove, in his opinion, that the whole formation has suffered, at some uncertain period, considerable subsidence, attended by violence, and suggests the propriety of causing borings to be made to ascertain the true character of the island foundation, and thus solve a question of much importance to science. The vegetation of the islands he found to partake more particularly of the character of that of the Southern United States, especially as regards the flora of the coast, which consists of a mixture of West Indian forms, and others imported accidentally or otherwise from Europe—species proved not to be, as a rule, widely distributed, but to be mainly local. One district in particular, not over a square mile in extent, named Walsingham, which is cavernous in a high degree, possesses plants unknown in other parts of the islands. Several species of fish new to previous collections were received by Mr. Jones. The genera *Serranus*, *Caranx*, and *Muræna* appeared to be best represented in those waters, and of the first some immense specimens were met with. *Carcharias obscurus* exists in great abundance, while the larger sharks are not common. The *Pleuronectidæ* were not met with at all, with the exception of one species of *Rhomboidichthys*, supposed to be new. During a violent southeast gale which visited the islands in January last hundreds of the smaller fish, some hitherto unknown to the fishermen, were cast ashore, including numerous examples of *Aulostoma coloratum*. Mr. Jones noticed material changes in the habitat and abundance of certain marine mollusks, compared with observations made some twenty years ago. *Littorina muricata*, which used to occur in vast quantity on the shore rocks of the south coast of the main island, proved to be not nearly so numerous now; while *L. ziczac*, which until lately was comparatively rare in that locality, is now quite common. *Pecten ziczac* also, which was common about the sounds and inlets, is now confined to a few localities. Very few migratory birds visited the Bermudas during the winter of 1873-74—a strange occurrence, which may, however, be accounted for by the absence of the usual northerly gales of that season.

With reference to Professor Newcomb's investigation of the moon's motion, the superintendent of the Naval Observatory reports that the work has been nearly accomplished and prepared for the press according to the original plan; but on examining certain terms troublesome to calculate, which it was supposed were entirely unimportant, it was found that the work could not be properly completed without them. The preparations for observing the transit of Venus have interfered with the development of these important terms. The second part of the work, namely, the tables founded upon Professor Newcomb's theory, has been carried as far as it can be without the data that will be attainable as soon as the preparations for observing the transit of Venus are completed.

The telegraphic apparatus at the Naval Observatory at Washington is now connected with the main lines of the Western Union Telegraph Company, so that not only is the time ball dropped daily at noon, but the same signal is widely distributed by the telegraph company. It goes directly from the observatory to the main office in New York city, and thence it is sent to nearly every State in the Union. The immediate object of these signals is to furnish accurate and uniform time to the railroads, and throughout the whole of the vast territory in question there is scarcely a train whose movements are not regulated by the observatory clocks. The clocks at the Navy Department, at the Army Signal-office, at the Treasury Department, and at the Western Union Telegraph Company's office are all constructed on the system known as Hamblett's, and are directly controlled by electric currents sent every second by the standard clock at the observatory.

Admiral Sands, in his annual report with reference to the work of the Naval Observatory, states that observations to be of any value to the world must be published. If they are not, the time and labor spent upon them are simply wasted; and yet they are so much more easily made than reduced that nothing is more common than to see them lie for years before the computations necessary to fit them for publication are completed. The Naval Observatory has been enabled to resuscitate from its store-rooms the zones of stars observed by Captain Gilliss, in Chili, in 1850-52, and their reductions are now in such a state of forwardness that the resulting star catalogue will appear in the volume of Washington observations for 1873. Thus it will be seen that nearly all the valuable observations which were at one time locked up in the archives of the observatory have been given to the world.

The report of the council of the Zoological Society of London, presented on the 29th of April, 1874, makes a very satisfactory exhibit on the part of this institution, which is almost as well known in America as in Europe. It may be proper to state that the society itself carries on operations precisely like those of ordinary scientific institutions, namely, with officers and members of various grades, holding regular meetings, and publishing reports of its transactions. Its reports, however, are pre-eminent for their scientific zoological value, and for the extent and beauty of their illustrations, far exceeding in this respect all other serials of the same general character.

There is also a very fine library connected with the society, and there was formerly a museum of prepared specimens. This, however, was transferred to the British Museum. Its zoological gardens, which it still retains, are in Regent's Park, and it is to their present condition that we now take occasion to refer more particularly. A strong encouragement to the establishment of such institutions in our own larger cities may be found in the fact that the receipts during the year amounted to no less than $85,000. In addition to this sum the receipts from memberships and from the sales of publications, etc., brought the total income up to about $140,000. The number of visitors to the gardens during the year was 713,000. The living animals in the collection on the 1st of December, 1873, consisted of 592 quadrupeds, 1329 birds, and 266 reptiles—total, 2187. The total number of additions to the menagerie during the year amounted to 1414.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In the last report of the Massachusetts Board of Health there appears a valuable article upon the health of farmers. The writer, a reliable physician of Pittsfield, states that his conclusions upon the subject are drawn from his own experience, with that of many other leading physicians in the State, from whom he obtained definite information upon specific points. The diseases to which farmers are most liable are, first, rheumatism; second, dyspepsia; third, fever; fourth, acute lung affections; fifth, consumption. Overwork is mentioned as the chief cause tending to injure the health of farmers and their families, improper diet the second cause, exposure the third, and sanitary defects about the premises the fourth. In regard to the ordinary diet of farmers, the following conclusions are drawn from observation of facts: good bread is scarce, and is too often made with some unwholesome substitute for yeast; there is too little variety in food; meat is too apt to be fried; baked beans and salt pork, although a highly nutritious dish, are too generally used, being indigestible for many persons; pastry and cakes are used to a highly injudicious extent; too little time is allotted for meals; coffee and tea, especially the latter, are too freely used as beverages; water is used in excess. It is believed that the food of farmers is too generally soaked in fat. Beefsteak is fried in fat, and nearly all other meats are fried. There should be more fresh meat used among them, and less salted meat; more boiling and roasting should be practiced, and less frying; there should be a greater variety of fruits and vegetables, and less of pies and cakes; more wholesome bread, and less tea. Feather-beds are said to be altogether too popular among farmers, and sleeping-rooms are badly ventilated. Whether farmers are, as a class, more deficient than others in the particulars referred to in the above-mentioned article we know not; but the suggestions given are useful for farmers, and for every body else. Especially at this season of the year is there peculiar need of care in regard to diet.

The Catskill Mountains have seldom been more beautiful than at present, being covered with a luxuriant growth of grass, the result of frequent rains. Hunter's Mountain, over four thousand feet above tide-water, is generally thought to be the highest of the range; but Slide Mountain and Peckamoose are probably somewhat higher. There are many wild and romantic nooks among the Catskills. The "Devil's Cave" is the uncomfortable name given to a deep gorge, where, even in the hottest summer day, ice can be found. A lovely lake lies among the peaks, concerning which a legend is told. In the olden time an Indian girl often met her lover on its shores. Her chieftain father frowned upon their love-making, and one night killed the youth. The maiden then threw herself from one of the cliffs. Now, it is said, her spirit haunts the spot at midnight—an interesting circumstance for those ladies who coax their lovers to help them watch for the ghost.

A dinner set of Dresden china, manufactured to order for a New York gentleman, recently arrived from Europe. It consists of eleven hundred pieces, into which fifty different colors and shades are introduced. The plates and dishes for each course are of different pattern; and in the centre of each plate is an enameled landscape, and on each dish a copy of some celebrated piece of statuary. The set cost exactly $4950.

Sea Cliff is popular as a watering-place, and also as a camp-meeting ground. But as some of our readers may inquire, "Where is Sea Cliff?" we quote the following bit of information from an exchange:

"Twenty miles from New York, on a projecting headland on the northwestern shore of Long Island, looking over Hempstead Bay and Long Island Sound, stands this new and popular summer resort. Elevated about 200 feet above the water of the sound, it enjoys the distinction of being on the highest ground on Long Island, with the exception of one spot, which is some miles inland, and is only a few feet higher. From Sea Cliff the view is all that any reasonable person could desire. Hempstead Bay, with its jagged shores and their pleasant country-seats, stretches out before us, running to a point five miles away, where the old-fashioned village of Roslyn snugly nestles in the trees. The bay opens into Long Island Sound, with Glen Cove at one corner and Sand's Point at the other, both of which places are delightful summer resorts."

Sea Cliff has a large hotel, many pleasant boarding-places, and about a hundred pretty cottages. The Sea Cliff Tabernacle, wherein camp-meetings are held, is a huge wooden structure, 100 feet wide and 150 in length. It is open on three sides, provided with awning extensions, and is capable of seating from 4000 to 6000 persons.

The camera obscura on Breeze Hill, Prospect Park, attracts a large number of visitors. By its means the finest views in the Park and in the surrounding country are brought before the eye, in a small space, like animated pictures. The vivid accuracy with which every scene is presented is a wonder to the children.

"Too old for earth, too good for hell, too disagreeable for heaven," was the remark we heard made the other day in reference to one who was forever picking out imperfections in his fellow-travelers on life's journey. We don't know how his future will be managed. His mission apparently has been to dissect—morally—all mankind; and he does it relentlessly, unflinchingly. Yet he is very good; ah, yes! very good!

In the town of Lake View, not far from Chicago, there resides a gentleman who has on his premises several fine large cherry-trees. On a recent hot Sunday afternoon, as he was for a moment standing near them, he heard a strange noise, and looking up, witnessed a remarkable sight. The bark covering the trees began to peel off at the tops, curling downward along the trunks and limbs until it reached the ground, and leaving the trees as naked and barren as though they had been riven by the lightning's bolt. Bark, leaves, and cherries were all stripped off, and lay a promiscuous mass of ruins upon the parched earth surrounding the desolate trunks. The process occupied but three or four seconds, but the ruin was complete. The trunks, limbs, leaves, and fruit had literally died of sun-stroke.

California is trying the experiment of compulsory education. Between the ages of eight and fourteen children must attend some school at least two-thirds of the school year. A few exceptions are made in special circumstances.

The forty-second annual Sing Sing camp-meeting will commence about the middle of August, and continue ten days. The camp grove is beautiful and salubrious; but being on high land, the ascent is difficult and fatiguing to pedestrians, but nevertheless the locality has peculiar advantages.

Dyspepsia is a national evil, and is largely due to rapid eating, particularly among "business men" and "brain-workers." With many persons it is impossible for the body to carry on the work of digestion while the brain is also working hard. The stomach must have some nerve force with which to perform its duties. A little time for rest before eating, as well as afterward, is of great importance to many persons.

A curious marriage was recently celebrated in New Albany, Indiana. In the presence of the invited guests a written agreement was read and signed by the bride and bridegroom, no other ceremony being performed. The substance of the agreement was that as they believed neither church nor state had any right to interfere with their arrangements, they adopted such form and ceremony as they chose, and in presence of witnesses proclaimed themselves husband and wife.

It is dangerous to annoy the managers of newspapers, especially at this season. Only a short time ago the editor of a journal in France committed suicide, and left the following statement, indicating the sufferings that led to this fatal result: "I was bored, and I have killed myself. Let no one be accused of my death. Do not look for my head. I have hidden it myself in order not to be recognized."

It is related of some English sailors that on a voyage a comet appeared and greatly surprised and alarmed them. The hands met and appointed a committee to wait upon the commander and ask his opinion of it. They approached him and said,

"We want to ask your opinion, your honor."

"Well, my boys, what is it about?"

"We want to inquire about that thing up there."

"Now, before I answer you, let me know what you think of it."

"Well, your honor, we have talked it all over, and we think it is a star sprung aleak."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A young lady, who has been greatly annoyed by a lot of young simpletons who stop under her window at night to sing "If ever I cease to love," wishes us to say if they will cease their foolishness, come in, and talk "business," they will confer a favor.

"And did you hear him call her my dear, or any thing like that?" asked the lawyer. "No, Sir, of course not: why, she was his wife!" answered the lady witness.

What does a man see in the wild, wild waves?—Sea-foam.

A lawyer, examining a witness, asked him what his business was. He answered, "A dealer in old iron." "Then," said the counsel, "you must of course be a thief." "I don't see," replied the witness, "why a dealer in *iron* must necessarily be a thief, more than a dealer in *brass*."

For what port is a man bound during courtship?—Bound to Havre.

A very fat man, for the purpose of quizzing his doctor, asked him to prescribe for a complaint, which he declared was sleeping with his mouth open. "Sir," said the doctor, "your disease is incurable. Your skin is too short, so that when you shut your eyes your mouth opens."

A California man has patented a device for the purpose of effecting on the stages of theatres the rising, sinking, rolling, and pitching motions of vessels at sea. So perfect is the imitation that, in connection with sheet-iron thunder, saltpetre lightning, and bellows wind, the actors are made seasick.

Who killed the most poultry?—Hamlet's uncle, for he did "murder most foul."

A certain minister going to visit one of his sick parishioners, asked him how he had rested during the night. "Oh, wondrous ill, Sir," replied he, "for mine eyes have not come together these three nights." "What is the reason of that?" said the other. "Alas! Sir," says he, "because my nose was betwixt them."

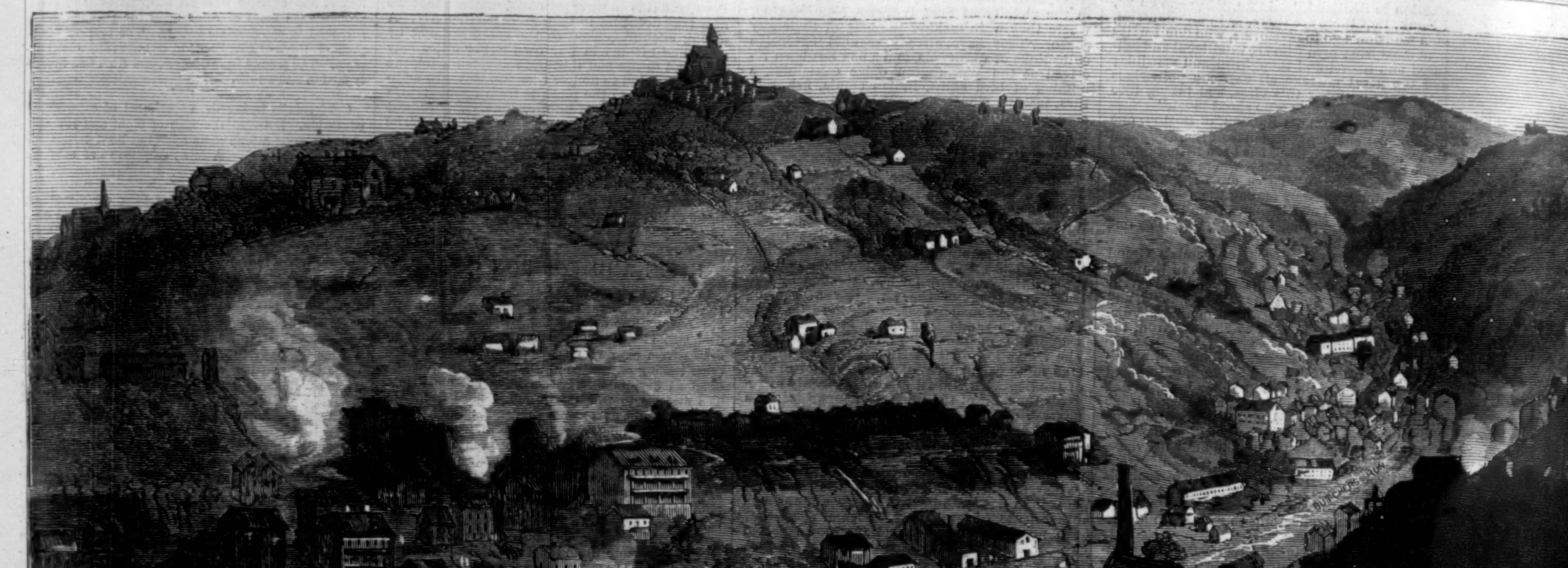
A contemporary defines the waltz as "hugging set to music." The definition is new, if the idea is not.

Sir Thomas More, the famous chancellor, preserved his humor and wit to the last moment. When he came to be executed on Tower Hill the headsman demanded his upper garment as his fee. "Ah, friend," said he, taking off his cap, "that, I think, is my upper garment."

Mathews once went to Wakefield, then, from commercial failures, in a dreadful state. In vain did he announce his inimitable *Youthful Days;* the Yorkshiremen came not. When he progressed to Edinburgh a friend asked him if he made much money in Wakefield. "Not a shilling!" was the reply. "Not a shilling!" reiterated his astonished acquaintance. "Why, didn't you go there *to star?*" "Yes," replied Mathews, with mirthful mournfulness; "but they spell it with a *ve* in Wakefield."

A gentleman seeing a fine painting representing a man playing on the lute, paid this high compliment to the artist: "When I look on that painting I think myself deaf."

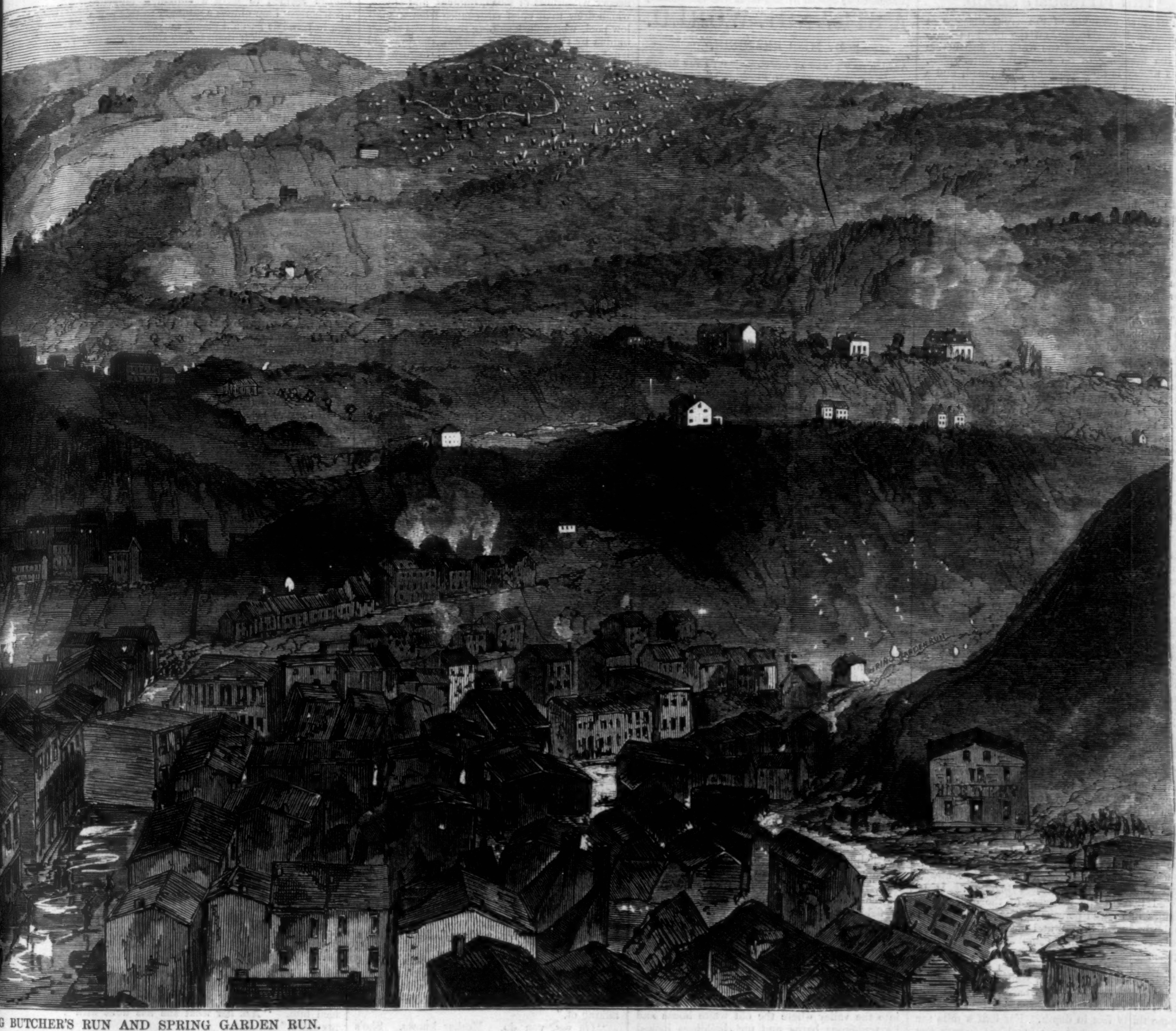
The old Scottish hearers were very particular on the subject of their ministers preaching old sermons; and to repeat a discourse which they could recollect was always made a subject of animadversion by those who heard it. A beadle, who was a good deal of a wit in his way, gave a sly hit in his pretended defense of his minister on the question. As they were proceeding from church the minister observed the beadle had been laughing as if he had triumphed over some of his parishioners with whom he had been in conversation. On asking the cause of this he received for answer, "Indeed, Sir, they were saying ye had preached an auld sermon to-day, but I tackled them, for I tauld them it was no' an auld sermon, for the minister had preached it no' sax months syne."



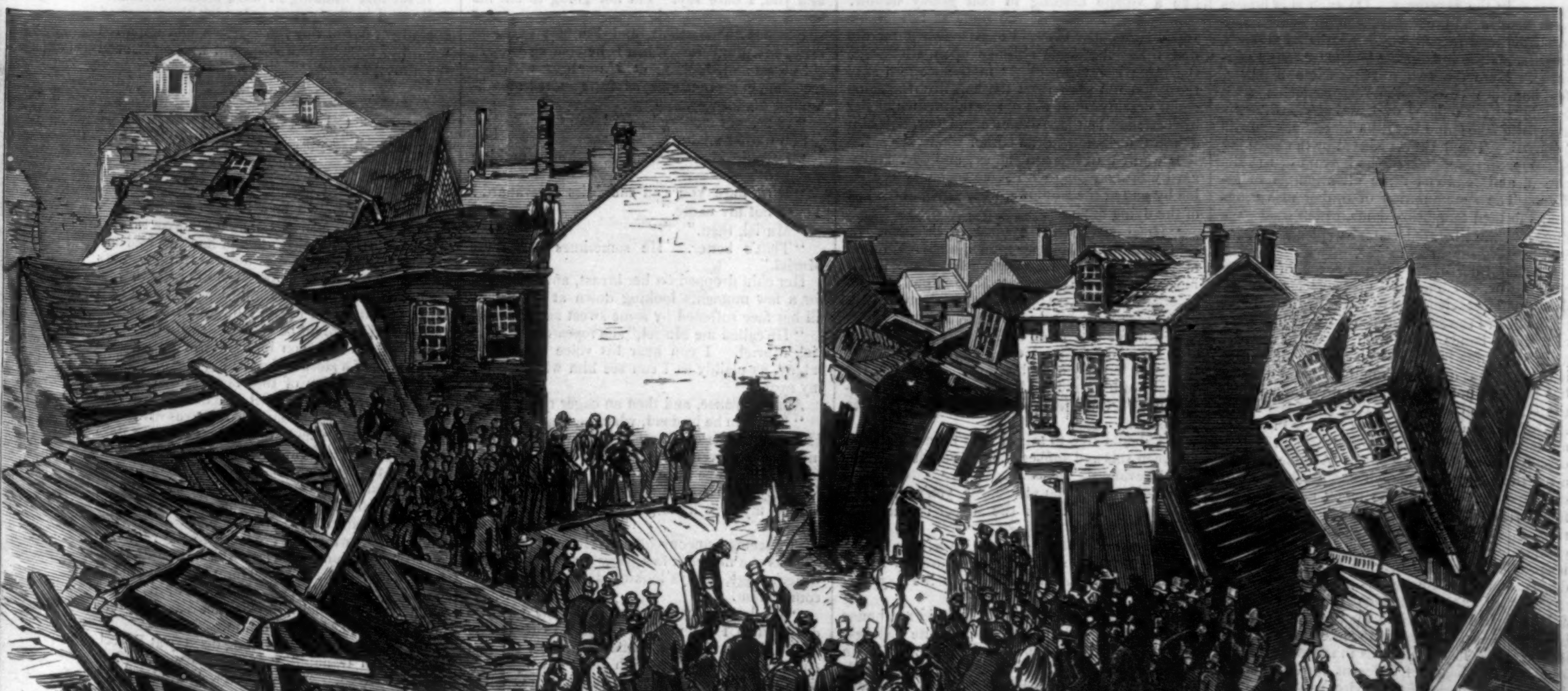
THE UPPER PORTION OF ALLEGHANY CITY, SHO NG

THE FLOOD IN O'HARA STREET.

THE PITTSBURG FLOOD.—From Sk es by



SHO NG BUTCHER'S RUN AND SPRING GARDEN RUN.



THE SEARCH FOR THE DEAD.

Sk es by Theo. R. Davis.—[See Page 678.]

THE PITTSBURG FLOOD.

The first accounts of the great disaster at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, on the night of Sunday, July 26, ascribed the work of destruction to the breaking of an enormous water-spout. This theory is now generally abandoned, and a reference to our double-page illustrations will show that it was not needed to explain the sudden and lamentable calamity. Alleghany City, where the heaviest loss of life and property occurred, lies on a plateau opposite Pittsburg, which at some distance from the Alleghany River rises into a range of hills, as shown in our illustration. Three ravines, known as Butcher's and Wood's runs and Spring Garden Avenue, divide the hills, and it was chiefly down these ravines that the flood poured in its destructive course. The soil of the hills behind the town is loose and shaly; the southern and eastern slopes are planted with grape-vines. On Sunday a heavy rain-storm prevailed, and up on the hills the people say there "was hardly air enough to breathe for the water there was in it." The means of drainage, sufficient to carry off the accumulations of an ordinary rain-fall, became choked, and this, in all probability, is the secret of the flood. Those who witnessed the storm by the flashes of lightning say that just before the flood burst down the ravines a dense black cloud appeared to settle down on the brow of the hills in a solid body instead of falling in rain. The summit of the range is a natural reservoir, with its weakest side toward the ravines. It was not so much the volume of the water as its sudden accumulation and overflow into the narrow ravines through which it made its way that wrought the loss of life and property.

The disaster came late at night. It was presaged between nine and ten o'clock by frequent and vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by loud crashes of thunder. The storm momentarily increased in violence; soon the small streams running through the ravines were swollen into overwhelming floods that swept every thing before them. Butcher's Run had been appropriated for years as a slaughter-house waste-pipe; the houses along the stream were mostly small frame buildings, and those in Spring Garden Avenue were chiefly of the same character. Such as were in the direct line of the flood were swiftly undermined, broken up, and swept away, the ground on which they stood being literally scooped out from under them. Eye-witnesses testify to the terrific suddenness with which the streets became rapids. One gentleman says the hill-side, lighted up by almost continuous flashes, had the appearance of an immense sheet of water, and the great flood came rushing down with a roar like that of Niagara. In the darkness and noise of the storm there was no warning that came in time to save the families in the houses in the track of the torrents. Only by the flash of lightning the doomed people saw in the gorge a mass of surging waters and timber, with houses rocking and tumbling, and it was upon them before they could realize their danger and the necessity for instant flight. House after house, with every occupant, was swept away, and whole families perished together. It is noted that in the accounts of the disaster no names of injured persons appear. The lists as published read "dead and missing." The torrent spared none that came within its terrible grasp.

Sweeping down Butcher's Run into the city, the torrent rushed through Madison Avenue. A large sewer constructed to carry off the stream burst with tremendous force, leaving a cavity some thirty feet in depth. For half a mile the avenue was scooped out in places twenty feet lower than the pavement. On each side houses were flooded and wrecked, and in some cases torn from their foundations. Near O'Hara Street Butcher's Run and Spring Garden Avenue converge. Here the two torrents came together. An immense culvert was rent asunder; solid buildings were toppled over and wrecked, as by an earthquake; and here the largest loss of life occurred. The darkness caused by the breaking of the gas-pipes increased the horrors of the situation, and rendered futile all attempts to escape. The accumulation of timber at various points formed temporary dams, which soon gave way, and the liberated water swept on with increased momentum and force.

The morning broke upon a scene of sorrow and horror. Thousands of people, many of whom had lost friends or relatives by the calamity, flocked to the scene of disaster, and hundreds of willing hands were soon at work clearing away the ruins in the search for the dead. It is thought that over two hundred lives were lost, but this can not be accurately ascertained until the streets and cellars are cleared of the débris left by the flood. And here is a cause of further anxiety: the torrent that swept through Butcher's Run and Spring Garden Avenue carried away the contents of many slaughter-houses and cattle-pens, and the cellars along its course are filled with fast-decaying carcasses, from which rises a pestilential stench that threatens to engender even a worse calamity than the flood. Energetic efforts are making to clear away the débris, and thus remove this source of danger.

Many an affecting incident might be related, did our space permit, and many an act of heroism on the part of those who risked, and in some sad instances lost, their lives in the effort to save others. The boats of different rowing associations were brought into service as soon as the state of the flood permitted, and aided in saving many lives. The members of Knapp's Pennsylvania Battery also did manful service during the flood and in preserving order next day. Few calamities have occurred to stir public sympathy more keenly than this, or to call for more prompt and generous liberality for the relief of suffering.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "To the Bitter End," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Aurora Floyd," "The Lovels of Arden," etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

"AND I SHALL BE ALONE UNTIL I DIE."

The image of that white-robed figure, pallid face, and ebon hair haunted Humphrey Clissold throughout the day, though his day was very pleasant, and Martin Trevanard the most cheerful of companions. They halted at various villages, explored old parish churches, where tarnished and blackened brasses told of mitred abbots and lords of the soil, otherwise unrecorded and forgotten. Clissold was learned in church architecture, and not a gargoyle escaped his keen eye. Martin was pleased to exhibit the interesting features of his native land, and listened deferentially to Humphrey's disquisitions on brasses, fonts, and piscinæ.

They stopped at a way-side inn, lunched heartily on bread and cheese and cider, and were altogether as companionable as young men can well be. Martin had read about half a dozen books since he left Helstone grammar school, but those were of the highest character, and he had them in his heart of hearts. Shakspeare, Pope, and Byron were his poets, and Fielding, Goldsmith, and Scott his only romancers.

From Shakspeare and Scott he had learned history, from Fielding and Goldsmith he had caught the flavor of wit and humor that are dead as the Latin classics. Thus Clissold found, not without a touch of surprise, that the farmer's son was no unworthy companion for a man who had made literature his profession.

On their homeward round they pulled up at Penwyn Church, which stood high and dry on the green hill-side, midway between the village and the manor, and looked like a church that had fallen from the sky, so completely was it out of every body's way. Tradition insisted that in the Middle Ages there had been a village close to the church, but no trace of that vanished settlement remained. There stood the temple, square-towered, with crocketed finials at the four angles of the tower. There lay its ancient slumberous grave-yard on the slope of the hill, the dead forever basking in the southern sun, which in this midsummer weather seemed to have power enough to warm them back to life again.

Here Humphrey saw the resting-place of the Penwyns, almost as old as the church itself—a vault so large that these lords of the soil seemed to have a whole crypt to themselves. Very mouldy and cold and dark was this last abode of the squires and their race. Here he saw also the parish registers, which contained a concise synopsis of the history of the Penwyns since the Middle Ages—how they had been christened, married, and buried.

"James ought to have been brought down here," said Humphrey, when they were in the church-yard, where the deep soft grass was full of field flowers, and the air of sweet, homely odors; "not in that mouldy old crypt with his ancestral dust, but here among this thymy grass, face to face with the sun and the sea, and with the sky-lark singing above his grave. It would have been ever so much better than Kensal Green."

It was eight o'clock when they drove down into the valley where the old white house and its numerous barns and out-buildings looked like a village nestling in that grassy hollow. The scene looked just the same as last night, when Humphrey Clissold approached it for the first time—the same stillness upon all things, the same low yellow light in the western sky, the same red glow from the hall fire, the same changeless figure of the old grandmother in her high-backed, leather-covered arm-chair, half hidden in the shadow of the corner where she sat.

It wanted an hour to supper, and Mr. Trevanard was struggling with some accounts at a table by one of the windows, where he had the last of the dying daylight.

"Hope you've had a pleasant day, Sir," he said, without looking up from his papers, or relaxing the frown with which he contemplated a long column of figures. "Take a pull of that cider after your drive; it's only just drawn. You might give me a hand with these accounts, Martin; I never was a dab at figures."

"All right, father, we'll soon tot 'em up."

Martin sat down by his father, and took the pen out of his hand. Humphrey refreshed himself with a draught of cider, and then went to the porch.

"I should like to take a look round the place between this and supper-time, if you don't mind, Mr. Trevanard," he said.

"Look where you please, Sir, you're free and welcome. You'll hear the supper bell at nine o'clock."

Humphrey lighted a cigar as he left the porch, and prepared for a contemplative, dreamy stroll, one calm hour of solitude before the day was done.

He avoided the stack-yard, and did not honor the various families of black and white piglings, in divers stages of infancy and adolescence, with his attention. He made a circuit of the pond, and went round to the back of the homestead, where lay that neglected garden which he had seen from the distance. At this midsummer time it was a wilderness of verdure and flowers run wild. Great gray lavender bushes, forests of unpruned roses, tall white lilies, seringa, carnations, weeds and blossoms growing as they would; moss-grown paths, a broken sun-dial fallen across a bed of heart's-ease and mignonette. Beyond the flower garden there was a still deeper wilderness of hazel, quinces, and alders, which drew their chief sustenance from a shallow pool, whose dark shining surface was almost hidden by the spreading branches, the gray old trunks, the thick screen of leaves, through which the light came dimly even at noon.

A delightful spot for a meditative poet. Humphrey was charmed with garden and wilderness, and lighted a second cigar on the strength of his discovery of the alder and quince grove.

It was not easy walking here by reason of the undergrowth of St. John's wort, fern, and brier, which made a dense jungle, but after a little exploration Mr. Clissold came upon a narrow foot-path, evidently well trodden, which wound in and out among the old gray trunks and under the hazel boughs, till it brought him to the brink of the water.

The pool was wider than he had thought, but so covered with water-lilies that the dark water only showed in patches upon that thick carpet of shining leaves. Just such a pool as a stranger might easily walk into unawares. Humphrey pulled up in time, and seated himself on the gnarled trunk of a peculiarly ancient alder, whose roots straggled deep down into the water, among sedges and innocent, harmless cresses. Here he slowly pulled at his cigar, abandoning himself to such thoughts as a poet has in such a scene and such an hour.

The last yellow gleam of the sun shone faintly behind the low thick trees, and through the one break in the wood the distant sea line showed darkly gray, just where ocean merged into sky.

"I should write better verses if I lived here for a year," thought Humphrey, musing upon a certain volume which he meant to give the world by-and-by. He hardly knew whether there would be much in it worthy the world's acceptance. It was only the outpouring of a strong, fresh soul, a soul that had known its share of human sorrow, and done a brave man's battle with care.

He was deep in a reverie that had led him very far away from Borcel End, when he heard a rustling of the branches near him, and turned quickly round, expecting to see Martin Trevanard.

The face that looked at him from between the parted hazel boughs startled him almost as much as that white-robed figure last night. It was the face he had seen in the moonlight, and which he saw now with peculiar distinctness in the clear gray light—a wan white face, with large dark eyes—a face which once must have been most beautiful. The dark eyes, the delicate features, were still beautiful, but the complexion was almost ghastly in its pallor, and the eyes were unnaturally bright. This was Muriel Trevanard.

Humphrey thought she would have been frightened at sight of him, and would have hurried away. But, to his surprise, she came a little nearer him, cautiously, stealthily even, those restless eyes glancing right and left as she approached. There was a curious intensity in her gaze when her eyes fixed themselves at last upon his face, peering at him, scrutinizing him with something of her mother's keen look. One hand was lifted to her head to push back the wild mass of tangled hair, and the loose sleeve of her dark cotton gown fell back from the white, wasted arm. Face and body seemed alike wasted by the mind's consuming fire.

"You can tell me, perhaps," she said, in a quick, eager voice. "Others won't; they're too unkind, for they must know. You can tell me, I'm sure. When will he come back?"

"My poor soul, I would gladly tell you if I knew. But I don't even know whom you are talking of."

"Oh yes, you do. Mother knows. She's told you, I dare say. I'm not going to tell his name. I promised to keep that secret, whatever it cost me to be silent, and I'm not going to break my promise. When is he coming back?"

She paused, looking at Humphrey with beseeching, expectant eyes, as if she waited breathless for his answer.

"Is he ever coming back?"

She waited again.

"Indeed, Miss Trevanard, I know nothing about it."

"How dare you call me Miss Trevanard? That's not my name."

"Muriel, then."

"That's better. He sometimes called me Muriel."

Her chin dropped on her breast, and she stood for a few moments looking down at the water, all her face softened by some sweet sad thought.

"He called me Muriel," she repeated. "Muriel, Muriel. I can hear his voice now—hear it! ay, as plainly as I can see him when I close my eyes."

Again a pause, and then an eager question.

"How can he be dead, when he is so near me? How can he be dead, when I hear him and see him, and can even feel the touch of his hand upon my head, his lips upon my lips. He awakes me from my sleep sometimes with a kiss, but when I open my eyes he is gone. Was he always a spirit?"

She seemed unconscious of Humphrey's presence as she moved a few paces further along the water's edge, always looking downward, in self-communion.

"My love, how can they say that you are dead, when I am waiting for you so patiently, and will wait for you to the end—wait till you come to take me away with you? It was to be little more than a year, you told me. O God! what a long year!"

The anguish in that last ejaculation pierced Humphrey's heart as it had been pierced by her wild cry of sorrow last night. He followed her along the brink of the pool, put his arm round her shrunken form protectingly, and tried to comfort her as best he might, knowing so little of her grief.

"Muriel," he said, gently—and her name so spoken seemed to have a softening influence upon her—"I am almost a stranger to this place and to you, but I would gladly be your friend if I could. Tell me if there is any thing I can do to comfort you. Are you happy in your home, with your poor old grandmother, or would you rather be somewhere else?"

He wanted to find out if she was suffering from any sense of ill-usage—if she felt herself a prisoner and an alien in her father's house.

"No," she said, resolutely, "I must stay here. He will come and fetch me."

"But you speak sometimes as if you knew him to be dead. Is it not foolish, vain, to hope for that which can not happen?"

"He is not dead. People have told me so on purpose to break my heart, I think. Haven't I told you that I see him often?"

"Then why are you so unhappy?"

"Because he will not stay with me, because he does not come to fetch me away as he promised, in a little more than a year. Because he comes and goes like a spirit. Perhaps they are right, and he is really dead."

"Would it not be better to make up your mind to that, and to leave off watching for him, and roaming about the house at night?"

"Who told you that?" she asked, quickly.

"Never mind who told me. You see I know how foolish you are. Wouldn't it be wiser to try and go back to the common business of life, to bind up all that loose hair neatly, like a lady, and to try to be a comfort to your father and mother?"

At that last word an angry cry broke from the pale lips.

"Mother!" echoed Muriel; "I have no mother. That woman yonder," pointing toward the house, "is my worst enemy. Mother! my mother!" with a bitter laugh. "Ask her what she has done with my child!"

That question came upon Humphrey Clissold like a revelation. Here was a sadder story than he had dreamed of—a story which no word of Martin's had hinted at—a story of shame as well as of sorrow, perchance. He remained silent, troubled and perplexed by this new turn of affairs. His office of consoler, his attempt to smooth the tangled threads of a disordered brain, came to an end all at once.

The woman turned from him impatiently, muttering to herself as she went away. He followed her along the sinuous foot-path and across the garden, and watched her as she entered by a low half-glass door at the back of the house. He passed this door afterward, and stole a glance through the glass into a large low room where there was a fire burning, a room which he divined to be the grandmother's chamber.

An old-fashioned tent bedstead, with red and white chintz curtains, occupied one side of the room; a ponderous old arm-chair stood near the fire-place; a huge wooden chest made at once a seat and a receptacle for all kinds of household stores; a corner cupboard filled with crockery-ware and a small round table near the hearth completed the catalogue of furniture.

Here, on the ground by the fender, sat Muriel, her wild hair falling about her face, her hands clasped upon her knees, her eyes bent gloomily upon the burning log.

The bell rang from the porch on the other side of the homestead while Humphrey Clissold was watching that melancholy figure by the hearth.

"She has taken away my appetite for supper," he said to himself, "and has almost set me against Borcel End."

That last speech of Muriel Trevanard's troubled him. "Ask her what she has done with my child."

It set him thinking of dark stories of family pride and hidden crime. It took the flavor of enjoyment out of this rustic home, and imparted a taint of mystery and suspicion which poisoned the atmosphere.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"SURELY MOST BITTER OF ALL SWEET THINGS THOU ART."

Humphrey Clissold keenly scrutinized Bridget Trevanard's face as they sat at supper that evening. Muriel's look of horror at the mention of her mother's name had inspired unpleasant doubts upon the subject of his hostess's character. He remembered how Elspeth had told him that Mrs. Trevanard was known as a hard woman; and he told himself that cruelty or even crime might be consistent with that hard nature which had won for the farmer's wife the reputation of a stern and exacting mistress. His closer examination of that face showed him no indication of lurking evil. That square unwrinkled brow, those dark brown eyes with their keen straight-out look, denoted at least an honest nature. The firm lips, the square jaw, gave severity to the countenance—a resolute woman—a woman not to be turned from her purpose, thought Humphrey, but a woman whom he could hardly imagine capable of crime.

And then why give credence to the rambling assertions of lunacy? It is the nature of madness to accuse the sane. Humphrey tried to put the thought of Muriel's wild talk out of his mind; yet that awful question, "What has she done with my child?" haunted him.

He felt less desire to prolong his stay at Borcel. The restful tranquillity of the place seemed to have departed. Muriel's fevered mind had its influence upon the atmosphere. He could not forget that she was near—wakeful, unhappy—waiting for the lover who was never to return to her.

He took good care to lock his door that night, and his slumbers were undisturbed. The next morning was devoted to a long ramble with Martin. They walked to a distant hill-side, where there were some Druidic remains well worthy inspection, came back to the farm in time for the substantial early dinner, had a look at the hay-makers dining plenteously in a great stone kitchen, and then retired to a field where the hay was cocked, to lie basking in the sun, with their faces seaward, dreaming away the summer afternoon.

Here Humphrey told Martin the story of James Penwyn's death, and that brief love-story which had come to so pitiful an ending.

"Poor child!" he said, musingly, recalling his last interview with Justina, "I verily believe she loved him truly and honestly, and would have made him a good wife. I never saw a nobler countenance than that player-girl's. I'm sorry I thrust myself between them with so much as one hard word."

"Was no one ever suspected of the murder?" asked Martin.

"Yes," replied Humphrey, without taking his cigar from his lips, "I was, for a little while."

This was rather startling. Martin Trevanard stared at his new acquaintance with a curious look for a moment or so, before he recovered himself.

"You were?"

"Yes. Didn't you know? My name was in the papers, but I believe they did me the favor to spell it wrong. Perhaps I ought to have mentioned the fact when I was asking Mrs. Trevanard to take me in. Yes, I, his bosom friend, was the only person they could pitch upon when they wanted to find the murderer. Yes, I have been in Eborsham jail under suspicion of homicide. The charge broke down at the inquest, and I came off with flying colors, I believe. Still, there the fact remains. The Spinnersbury detectives put the crime down to me."

"It would need pretty strong proof to make *me* suspect you," said Martin, heartily.

"I was a good many miles away from the spot when that cursed deed was done, but it did not suit me to advertise my exact whereabouts to the world."

"Why not?"

"Because to have told the truth would have been to have compromised a woman, the only one I ever loved, as a man loves one chosen woman out of all the world."

Martin threw away his unfinished cigar, turned himself about upon the hay-cock which he had chosen for his couch, and settled himself to hear something interesting, with a bright, eager look in his dark eyes.

"Tell me all about it," he said.

"Bah! weak sentimentality," muttered Humphrey. "I should only bore you."

"No, you wouldn't. I should like to hear it."

"Well, naming no names, and summing up the matter briefly, there will be no harm done. It's the story of a dead and buried folly, that's all—a hackneyed, commonplace story enough."

He sighed, as if the recollection hurt him a little, dead as this old foolishness might be—sighed, and looked seaward dreamily, as if he were looking back into the past.

"You must know that when I was a year or two younger, and life was fresher to me, I went a good deal into what people call society—didn't set my face against new acquaintances, dinner-parties, dances, and so forth, as I do now. I've a fair income for a bachelor, belong to a good family, and can hold my own position well in a crowd. Now among the houses I visited in those days there were only two or three where I went from sheer honest regard for the people I visited. Among these was the house of a certain fashionable physician, not a hundred miles from Cavendish Square. He was a widower, with three daughters, the two elder thorough women of the world, and most delightful girls to know. We were chums from the outset. They drove me about in their barouche, made me useful as an escort at flower-shows, a perambulatory catalogue at picture-galleries, and we all three comprehended perfectly that I was not to dream of marrying either of them."

"Dangerous, I should think," suggested Martin.

"Safe as the Tarpeian rock. My feelings for the dear girls were of a purely fraternal character from the first. I would as soon have bought the winner of the last Derby for a Park hack as had one of these two for my wife. I went shopping with them occasionally, twiddled my thumbs at Peter Robinson's while they turned over silks, and I knew the amount of millinery required for their sustenance. No, Martin, there was no peril here. Unluckily there was the third daughter, a tender slip of a girl, hardly out of the school-room—a child who had her gowns meted out to her by her sisters, and wore perpetual white muslin for dress and brown holland for morning. Good Heavens! I can see her this moment standing by the piano in her holland frock, with a blue ribbon twisted through her loose brown hair, and those divine hazel eyes looking at me pleadingly, as who should say, 'Be gentle to me; you see what a child I am.' No worldliness here, no ambition here, no avid desire of millinery, no set purpose of making a great marriage, I said to myself. Only innocence and trustfulness and child-like meekness. So I fell over head and ears in love with my friend's third daughter."

"Very natural," said Martin. "I don't see why it shouldn't have ended pleasantly."

"I didn't act like a sneak—make love to the girl behind her sisters' backs, and bide my time for winning her. I went to the doctor at once, told him what had happened, ventured to add that I thought my darling liked me, and asked his permission to offer her my hand. He hummed and hawed; said there was no one he would like better for a son-in-law; but his youngest child was really not out of the nursery; any question of an engagement was absurd; it seemed only yesterday that he had bought her a Shetland pony. However, he gave me to understand, in a general way, that I was free to come and go; so our intimacy knew no abatement. I still did the walking-stick business at flower-shows and the catalogue business at exhibitions, and made myself generally useful, seeing a good deal of my fair blossom-like maiden in the mean while. We met very often, sat together of an evening unnoticed when the room was full, and before long we knew that we loved each other, and we had sworn that for us two there should be no love but this. Papa might say what he liked about youth and foolishness and Shetland ponies. We were not impatient, we would wait for ever so many years if necessary, but in good time we two should be one. Sweet and tender promises breathed in the twilight from lips too lovely to betray, dove-like eyes lifted shyly to mine, soft, little hand resting so fondly within my arm! I laugh when I think of you and how it all ended."

He did laugh bitterly, savagely almost, as he flung the stump of his cigar across the hay-cocks toward the sea. Martin waited in respectful silence, awed by this little gust of passion.

"Well, we were pledged to each other, and happy. This went on for a year. Nobody took any notice of us any more than if we had been children playing at lovers. We lived in a foolish paradise of our own, at least I did; Heaven only knows what her thoughts may have been. One day, when I had been away from town for a week or so, I called in Cavendish Square, saw the two elder girls, and heard that my betrothed had gone for a long visit to some friends in Yorkshire, at a place called Tilney Longford, a fine old country-seat. Papa had thought her looking pale and thin, and had sent her off at a day's notice. She might be away two or three months. Lady Longford was the kindest of women, and was always asking them to stay at her place. 'We can't go,' of course, they said, 'with our large circle; but that child has no ties, and can stay as long as they like to keep her.'

"This was hard upon me. The privilege of correspondence was denied us, for I could not write my darling a clandestine letter. I went to the doctor a second time, and told him that I had waited a year, that I was so much deeper in love by every day of that blessed year, and urged him to receive me as his daughter's suitor. He treated the question rather more seriously than before, repeated his assurance that I was the very man he would have liked for a son-in-law, but added that he did not consider my income sufficiently large or my profession sufficiently lucrative to allow of his intrusting his daughter's happiness to my care. 'My girls have been expensively brought up,' he said. 'You have no notion what they cost me. I have been too busy to teach them prudence. It has been easier for me to earn money for them to waste than to check their extravagance. We live in too fast an age for the vulgar virtues.' I argued the point, but vainly, and told him that whatever decision he might arrive at, his youngest daughter and I had made up our minds to be true to each other against all opposition. 'I am sorry to hear that,' he replied, 'for it will oblige me to ask you to discontinue your visits here when my little girl comes back, a discourtesy which goes very much against the grain.' I left him in a white heat, went straight off to James Penwyn, and arranged a tour which we had been talking about ever so long. We were to walk through the north of England, and I was to coach poor Jim for his last struggle at Oxford. London was hateful to me now that my darling had left it, and James Penwyn's company the only society I cared for."

He paused, abandoned himself to moody thought of that vanished past for a little, and then went on more hurriedly.

"It was at Eborsham, the morning before James Penwyn's murder, that I received the first and last letter I was ever to get from my love. She had addressed it to me at my London lodgings, and it had been traveling about after me for the last three weeks. Her first letter! I opened it with such a thrill of joy, thinking how divine it was of her to be so daring as to write to me. Such a broken-hearted letter! telling me how a certain rich land-owner near Lady Longford's had proposed to her—she broke into a parenthesis a page long to assure me she had never given him the faintest encouragement—and how every body persuaded her to accept him, and how her father himself had come down to Tilney to lecture her into subjection. 'But it is all useless,' she said; 'I will marry no one but my own dear love, and oh, please write, and tell me what I am to do.' Think what I must have felt, Trevanard, when I considered that the letter was three weeks old, and what persecution the poor little soul might have had to suffer in the interval!"

"What did you do?"

"Can you ask me? Started off without a quarter of an hour's delay, and got to Tilney as soon as the trains would carry me. It was an abominable cross-country journey, and there I was, eating my heart out at dismal junctions for half the day. It was past three o'clock when I ended my journey of something less than a hundred miles, and found myself at a detestable little station called Tilney Road, eight miles from Tilney Longford, and no conveyance of any kind to be had. I did the distance in something under two hours, and entered the park gates just as the church clock hard by was striking five."

"You went straight to the house?"

"No, I didn't want to bring trouble upon that poor child, so I prowled about the place like a poacher, skirting the carriage roads. Luckily for me, there was a right of way through the park, so I was able to get pretty close to the house without attracting any one's particular attention. I reflected that unless the doctor was still there—not a likely thing for a man whose moments were gold—there was no one to recognize me except my poor pet. As I approached the gardens I heard laughter and fresh young voices and a general hubbub on the other side of the haw-haw which divided the park from a croquet lawn. There was a gayly striped marquee on one side of the lawn, a group of people taking tea under a gigantic cedar, and a double set of croquet players disporting on the level sward. My eyes were keen as a hawk's to distinguish my dearest in mauve muslin and an innocent little chip hat trimmed with daisies—I observed even details, you see—busily engaged with her attendant cavalier, and with no appearance of being bored by his society. Her fresh young laugh rang out silver-clear, that girlish laugh which had been one of her many charms to my mind. 'That hardly sounds like a broken heart,' I said to myself."

He sighed, and waited for a minute or so, and then resumed in a harder voice:

"Well, I was determined to form no judgment from appearances; and I could not stand on the other side of the haw-haw taking observations from the covert of an old hawthorn forever; so I went round to the back of the house, waylaid a neat little Abigail, and asked her if she could find Miss Blank's maid for me. I accompanied my question with a fee which insured compliance, and my pretty one's handmaiden appeared presently at the gate where I was waiting. She remembered me among the intimates in Cavendish Square, and consented to give her mistress the note I scribbled on a leaf of my pocket-book. 'I hope I am not doing wrong, Sir,' she said, 'but a young lady in my mistress's position can not be too careful how she acts—' 'In what position?' I asked. 'Didn't you know, Sir? My young lady is to be married the day after to-morrow.'"

"That was a facer!" exclaimed Martin.

"It wasn't a pleasant thing to hear, was it?—with that letter in my pocket vowing eternal fidelity. The remembrance of that gay young laughter was hardly pleasant either. The man I had seen on the croquet lawn was a good-looking fellow enough; and then one man is so like another nowadays. A woman may be constant to the type while she jilts the individual. I had written to my betrothed asking her to meet me in the park at nine o'clock by a certain obelisk which I had observed on my way. By nine she would be free, I fancied, in that half hour of liberty which the women get after dinner, while the men are talking politics and pretending to be very wise about claret."

"Did she come?"

"Yes, poor, pretty, shallow-hearted thing, looking very sweet in the moonlight, but tearful and trembling, as if she thought I should beat her. She sobbed out her wretched little story. Papa had been so kind, her elder sisters had badgered her. Poor Reginald, the lover, had been so good, so generous, so self-sacrificing; and it had ended as such things generally do end, I dare say. She was to be married to him the day after to-morrow. 'And oh, Humphrey, pray give me back my letter!' she said, 'for I don't know what would become of me if it ever fell into Reginald's hands.'"

"How did you answer her?"

"With never a word. I tore the lying letter into atoms, and threw them away in the summer wind. I made my love a respectful bow, and left her, never, I trust in God, to see her fair false face again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday,	9.	—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	16.	—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	23.	—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	24.	—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday,	30.	—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

SEPTEMBER.

Sunday,	6.	—Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	13.	—Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.	—Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	21.	—St. Matthew the Evangelist.
Sunday,	27.	—Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.	—St. Michael and all Angels.

THE Prussian papers are expressing themselves with great energy upon the attempted assassination of Prince Bismarck by Kullman. "The real guilt of the crime," says the Berlin *Börsen Zeitung*, "does not lie at the door of the man who fired at the Chancellor; the real criminals are those priests who are demagogues rather than spiritual advisers, conspirators rather than parish incumbents." A Bavarian priest, by the name of Hanthaler, was arrested as an accomplice. He was charged with having been seen speaking to Kullman, and having stepped across the road so as to stop the horses at the moment of the shooting. The London *Tablet* properly says that "even Prince Bismarck himself has inflicted no greater injury on the cause of religious freedom than the madman who has attempted to serve that cause by a crime." Hanthaler has been discharged, as there was no evidence against him.

The next meeting of the National Conference of Unitarian Churches in the United States will take place in Saratoga September 15. The last was held in Boston two years ago. According to the *Christian Register*, it is proposed to modify the preamble to the constitution of the Conference so far as to remove its doctrinal phraseology. The preamble is in these words: "Whereas the great opportunities and demands for Christian labor and consecration at this time increase our sense of the obligation of all disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ to prove their faith by self-denial and by the devotion of their lives and possessions to the service of God and the building up of the kingdom of his Son." It is objected by the *Register* that the withdrawal of these words would take away from the Conference its distinctive Christian character. We believe that the terms Right, Left, and Centre are already recognized among the members of the Conference. The Right wing is composed of the conservatives, the Left of the radicals, and the Centre of the moderates.

Not only is American Christian evangelism spreading in Scotland, but appears also to be extending to the Continent. Mr. R. Pearsall Smith, of Philadelphia, has opened a series of meetings in Paris, which are well attended by both pastors and lay Christians. Mr. Philip Phillips, of singing fame, is about to start on a long tour to Australia, New Zealand, and the Feejee Islands. He goes by invitation of leading Christians in Australia. Mr. Sankey, the companion of Mr. Moody in Scotland, is an old-time associate of Philip Phillips, and represents the same musical methods.

Matters between the papacy and the government of Brazil have reached such a point that the lie has been given to the Pope. It will be remembered that Baron Penedo was sent to Rome to try, if possible, to settle there the difficulty with the Brazilian bishops. In an address made not long since the Pope charged bad faith on the government, inasmuch as it had promised that proceedings against the bishops should be suspended. The Vicomte de Caravella has said in the Brazilian Legislature that the "only reply the government could make to such charge of bad faith, uttered as it had been to the whole world, was to make a declaration, equally public in its character, denying the truthfulness of the charge."

The proposed revision of the Anglican rubrics has brought into prominence the question of a reform of Convocation. The changes proposed are three: (1) a fuller representation of the clergy; (2) the union of the two Convocations of Canterbury and York in one national Synod; (3) the admission of the laity. At present the representation of official clergy—bishops, deans, etc.—is thought to be disproportionately large. Of the three changes the admission of the laity will be found the most difficult to effect. Many Churchmen are on principle opposed to the determination of questions of doctrine by laymen; others see that membership of the Established Church is so loosely defined that the specification of an electoral body would be attended with difficulty.

In his speech against Mr. Gladstone's six resolutions, Mr. Disraeli used language which is destined to be often quoted. Speaking of Roman Catholic doctrines, he said: "So long as they are doctrines held by the Roman Catholic Church I am prepared to treat them with reverence; but what I object to is that they should be claimed to be held by ministers of a Church, who, when they enter it, enter at the same time into a solemn contract with the nation that they would oppose those doctrines and utterly resist them. *What I do object to is Mass in masquerade.* To the solemn ceremonies of our Roman Catholic friends I am prepared to extend that reverence which my mind and conscience extend always to religious ceremonies sincerely believed in; but the false position in which we have been placed by, I believe, a small but powerful and well-organized body called English clergymen is one which the country thinks intolerable, and from which, I believe, we ought to rid ourselves."

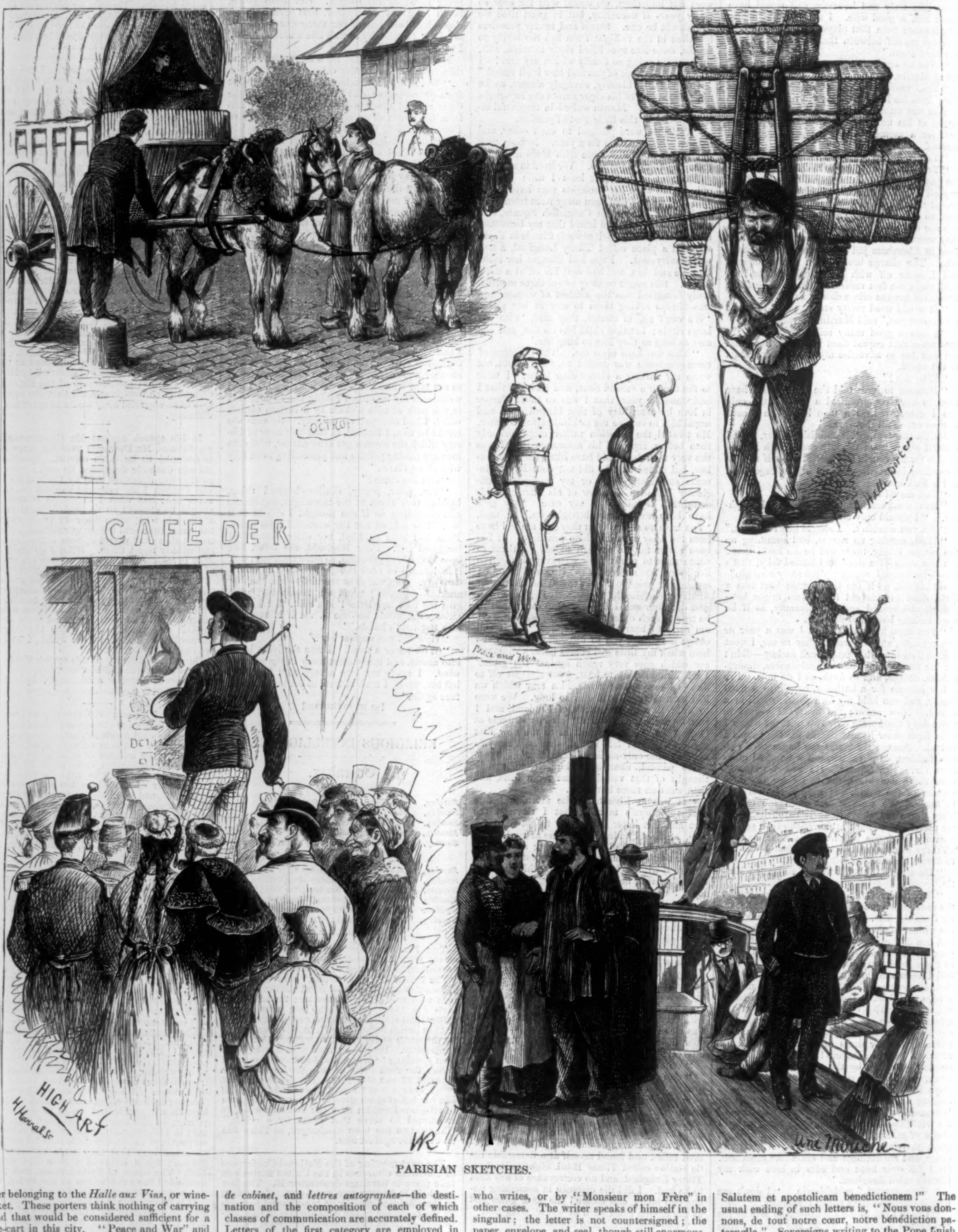
During the delivery of this speech the house was crowded; the galleries were full. The Premier's words were at once caught up and repeated all over England.

The Rev. Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, so long and honorably known as the stated clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, has recently published the latest statistics of the united Church. Since 1870 the number of synods has been reduced by combination from 51 to 35, and of presbyteries from 259 to 174. In these years the number of candidates has increased from 541 to 767, and of ministers from 4238 to 4597. The churches have grown from 4526 to 4946, and the communicants from 446,561 to 495,634, and the Sunday-school members from 448,857 to 516,971. The contributions, including support of ministers, were, in 1870, $8,440,121; in 1873, $9,120,792.

The sharp conflict between the German Empire and the Jesuits has called attention afresh to the famous society founded by Loyola. Loyola was a Spanish soldier, was wounded at the battle of Pampeluna, and when about thirty years of age began a religious life. The number of members of his order was originally restricted to less than one hundred. In 1540 it was taken under the patronage of the Pope; in 1556, the year of Loyola's death, it had extended all over Europe, and spread its missions largely over Asia, Africa, and America. At the end of a century the society had 1300 members, and at the time of its suppression in 1773 numbered 23,000, and many colleges and mission stations.

The occupations of the Jesuits were multifarious, and included education, politics, and commerce. Having, as one order of members, lay coadjutors, they could readily adapt themselves to any secular work. Their intermeddling spirit made them naturally obnoxious to the states of Europe. In 1606 they were expelled from Venice; in France Pascal satirized them with keenest wit, and helped much to destroy their power; in 1759 they were banished from Portugal; in 1762 their firm in Martinique became insolvent, and the transactions then revealed were so scandalous that they were excluded from France; Spain followed with a like order in 1767. The kings of France, Spain, and Naples demanded the suppression of the order, which was reluctantly conceded by Pope Clement XIV.

It is remarkable that the Jesuits found at this time an asylum in the same Prussia with which they now wage deadly war. Frederick the Great was philosophically indifferent to all religions, and opened his country to them; the Empress Catherine II. also received them into Russia. The Pope, Pius VII., in 1814 restored the order, after a suppression of forty-one years. In 1820 they were banished from Russia. Pius IX. was at first hostile to them; they have since captured him, and may be said now to rule the Church. The present number of members is about 8000.



PARISIAN SKETCHES.

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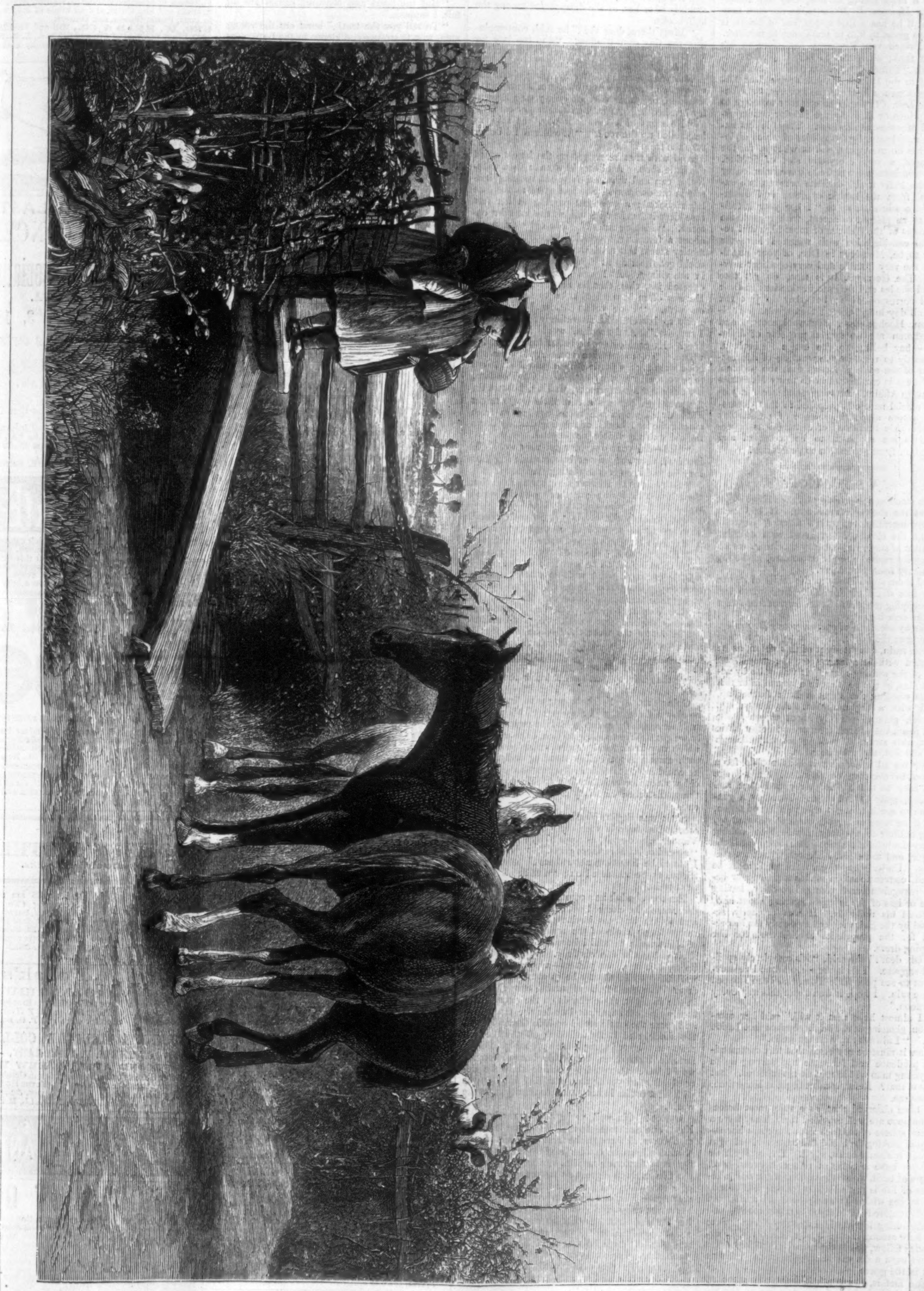
THE first of the above sketches represents a Parisian custom-house officer examining a countryman's cart at one of the city gates to discover whether it contains any commodity liable to municipal tax. Every vehicle, whether carriage or cart, that enters the city from the country is liable to such a search, as wines and provisions of every kind pay a duty on being brought into the city. The persons employed in this duty are called *octroi*. The second illustration shows a porter belonging to the *Halle aux Vins*, or wine-market. These porters think nothing of carrying a load that would be considered sufficient for a horse-cart in this city. "Peace and War" and the curiously shaven dog require no explanation. The artist painting a sign for a café is evidently quite clever at his business, and has the satisfaction of seeing that his work attracts quite as large a crowd of admiring spectators as many a more ambitious picture at the Academy. The last sketch represents the deck of one of the little steamers that ply up and down the Seine.

FORMS OF ADDRESS.

CORRESPONDENCE between sovereigns is a matter which is approached with much solemnity, and spoken of with deep reverence by the authors. This disposition is very comprehensible on the part of professors of etiquette, but it is natural that we ordinary people should regard this element of the subject as a simple form, like all the rest. Not as one form, however, but as three; for royal letters are divided rigorously into three categories—*lettres de conseil*, *lettres de cabinet*, and *lettres autographes*—the destination and the composition of each of which classes of communication are accurately defined. Letters of the first category are employed in cases where strict ceremonial is observed: they commence by a repetition of the titles of the sovereign who writes, and almost always finish by the phrase, "Sur ce Nous prions Dieu qu'il Vous ait, très-haut, très-puissant, et très-excellent Prince, notre très aimé bon frère [ami, cousin, allié] en sa sainte et digne garde." It should be noticed that a president of a republic is not called by these tender titles, but that he is simply "grand et bon ami." In letters of this class all personal pronouns referring to the sender or the receiver are written in the plural, with their initials in capitals; they are dated at the bottom, on the left side; they are generally countersigned by the Foreign Minister; they are drafted on the largest possible paper, inclosed in the largest possible envelope, and sealed with the largest possible seal. A letter of the second class is more personal: it begins by "Sire," if the sovereign written to be superior to the sovereign who writes, or by "Monsieur mon Frère" in other cases. The writer speaks of himself in the singular; the letter is not countersigned; the paper, envelope, and seal, though still enormous, are considerably smaller than in the former case. Finally, in autograph letters, the sovereign becomes almost human; he writes them all himself, *manu propriâ*; they have no official character, but they possess the most extraordinary elasticity of meaning, for we are told that they are considered to be a sign of deference to a superior, of friendship to an equal, and of particular affection and regard to an inferior. Hard as the times now are for kings, they have, at all events, an advantage over their subjects in this one affair of letter-writing; none of us could anyhow express all this variety of conflicting sentiments by a simple note. The private letters of the Pope, written by his own hand, have a special name; they are called *motus proprii*. He always begins his letters to Catholic sovereigns, even when he writes in French, by putting his own name in Latin, and then comes the invariable phrase, "Carissime in Christo fili noster! Salutem et apostolicam benedictionem!" The usual ending of such letters is, "Nous vous donnons, de tout notre cœur, notre bénédiction paternelle." Sovereigns writing to the Pope finish ordinarily by the phrase, "Sur ce je prie Dieu, très Saint Père, qu'il vous conserve longues années aux Gouvernement de notre mère la Sainte Église.—Votre dévoué fils."

When royal letters are addressed to equals or inferiors, the titles of the writer are indicated in the heading, and precede those of the recipient; but if an inferior prince communicates with a sovereign, he states his own titles at the bottom of the letter, reserving the top for the catalogue of honors belonging to the monarch to whom he writes. If a private person addresses royalty, he must use the largest possible paper which his country can supply; the writing must be of a hugeness proportioned to the paper; and it is absolutely essential that he should not inscribe more than four lines on the first page to a king or queen, or six lines to a prince or princess; it would be grossly contrary to etiquette to exceed these limits. The letter must conclude by the following formula, written in detached lines: "Je suis—Sire—de Votre Majesté—le très humble, très obéissant, et très respectueux serviteur [et fidèle sujet];" or, to a prince, "Je suis, avec un profond respect—Monseigneur—de Votre Altesse Royale [Impériale, Sérénissime]—le très humble et très obéissant serviteur." It is probable that most people will feel somewhat glad, on reading these particulars, that they are not in frequent correspondence with Continental sovereigns. In France there is, or rather used to be, a special habit of using the third person, saying *Le Roi* instead of *Votre Majesté*. Thus, for instance, "Je prends la liberté de faire observer au Roi."

Diplomatic correspondence, properly so called —that is to say, the business correspondence exchanged between ministers and embassadors—is precisely like any other sort of letter-writing. Even De Martens, the universal illuminator of the subject, the special torch-bearer in diplomatic fogs, can not manage to point out a substantial difference between this sort of epistolary correspondence and any other. It is, however, terribly humiliating to acknowledge, as we are forced to do, on the faith of two centuries of various authors, that the representatives of nations, whose letters are called dispatches, and are carried by special couriers, are obliged to write in the same language as common people who are not embassadors, and that they possess no distinguishing style which belongs to themselves



"THE HORSE BARRIER."—[From a Painting by Weber, exhibited in the Royal Academy, London.]

alone, and separates them from the mob which uses postage stamps. Even in the beginnings and the endings of their missives—those tests of Continental courtesy—ministers and envoys do not get much beyond the forms of daily life. If, in writing to each other, they address a minister who is a mere count, or less, they say *Excellence*, or *Monsieur le Ministre*, as the case may be; but if he has a title above that of count, it is always given to him in preference to minister. Since Prince von Bismarck has risen to his present rank, all letters to him in French begin with "Prince;" official communications addressed to the Duc de Broglie or the Duc Decazes commence in the same manner, by *Monsieur le Duc.* It would be contrary to usage to call a prince or duke by the inferior denomination of *Monsieur le Ministre.* These letters finish, as they begin, by formalities of which diplomacy has no monopoly, and in what is, for the Continent, a very every-day sort of fashion. Their terminations, which are sometimes longer than the letter itself, oscillate between two extremes, from the simple expression of distinguished sentiments, up to "I beg your Excellency to be pleased to accept, with regard, the assurances of the feelings of most high and respectful consideration with which I have the honor to be, Monsieur le Duc, of your Excellency, the very humble and very obedient servant." The Germans, it is true, do get into learned shades and delicate distinctions in their official correspondence; but they do just the same all day long between themselves. Wohlgeboren, Hochgeboren, Hochwohlgeboren, and Edelgeboren are no special property of diplomacy—they belong to the entire Fatherland. It is partly to regulate the wording of addresses and of the ends of letters that the protocol department is established in so many Ministries of Foreign Affairs. All correspondence of a specially official nature is prepared in that department, where alone the science of perorations and the pure traditions of ceremonious superscriptions are supposed to be preserved and handed on from generation to generation.

A SITUATION.

She stood at the crossing of the village street just as the shower came down. It had been a rainy morning, the drops filtering playfully through the clouds, interspersed with dazzling outbursts of sunshine, but now a pelting, merciless torrent rushed sharply downward, gathering vehemence from past delay.

And there stood Bessy in the midst of it, one pretty foot stretched doubtfully outward to feel for a stepping-stone amidst the torrent that swept over the crossing.

Quite by accident, of course, young Brownley, dawdling at the dépôt, in doubt whether to take the next train, caught sight of this vision, as he drummed with idle fingers on the gray-green panes of the waiting-room. It was quite by accident also, of course, that in a second after this he was crossing the street a little further up, armed with a big umbrella. As Bessy, still doubtful, glanced ruefully about to see if she could reach the nearest tree, or had better brave it out, this stranger, picking his way through mud and wet, stood by her side.

Now we all know that it does not do for a woman to overstep conventional limits; she must keep to the bars of her gilded cage, and twitter happily behind them. To allow a gentleman to speak to her without an introduction, even if he were on a raft, while she floated by, going politely to the bottom, would be a thing of very doubtful etiquette. But down came the shower, and there stood Bessy without an umbrella. Under some circumstances, it must be owned, conventionalism makes a poor show beside savageism, and young Brownley, having more or less of the savage lingering about him, proffered his umbrella. It was promptly accepted by the girl, who had evidently far less regard for the proprieties of life than for her dripping dress.

"Oh, dear!" she said, "it's completely spoiled, I suppose. This is the second time I've started out to see poor little Tom, and been stopped by the rain. I hope it won't rain this way every afternoon."

"I almost hope that it will," said her companion, glancing at the bright, flushed face beside him. "I always carry an umbrella."

Now it must be confessed that this commendable prudence and foresight had sprung up in the young man within the last ten minutes. But what of that? Reforms must begin at some time, I presume.

I have observed that, as a rule, most heroes of romance are well provided for. They have a higher sphere of troubles than the mere harassment of looking for bread and butter. And right enough it should be so, say I. It is a pity if we can not have a place of refuge, between book covers at least, where the contemptible commonplace of life is not thrust upon us. All hail to the heroes with rich uncles and old aunts, and good-humored mole-eyed grandmothers, and forth-coming legacies! I'm sorry I can't place my hero among them; but he's an intensely every-day fellow, not fit for such high society. He hasn't even a distant relative in India with one foot in the grave.

The fact is, the youth had actually come up to Evansville looking for a situation in the big country store of Vander & Co., and what is more, he'd been refused it.

But here, however, with the incorrigible hopefulness of youth, he walked along beside Bessy, and forgot all about it. He expected to leave her at some cottage gate near by, and so he did presently. A pretty low-roofed house stood just in sight, with a row of red and white hollyhocks nodding up to its eaves. A scarlet-runner, dripping and shining in the shower, half hid a little window facing on the lane, wherein a fantastic assemblage of spools, beads, and jars of confectionery looked out with an eye to trade.

The girl flung open the gate.

"Won't you come in?" she said. "Aunt Polly will be glad to see you."

"No, thank you," said the young man, staring stupidly after her, as she disappeared among the hollyhocks.

"Lives there, does she?" he said, contemplating the tiny shop-window. "I'm too late for the train to-day. Guess I'll call in to-morrow. Wonder if they keep fishing lines?"

The next morning, after lounging about the village, and trying vainly to get a sense of his situation, or rather want of one, young Brownley brushed his coat with extraordinary care.

"No signs of a shower to-day," he said, as he strolled up the road. "Wonder if I'd better take the train?"

And with that he turned up the lane toward the little shop. A clean old woman, in a wide-frilled cap and wrinkled face, sat rocking herself in the doorway. She looked up as the gate latch clicked; a great cat purring at her feet rose sleepily, curling its tail, as the intruder entered. "Fishing lines?" The old woman set about a fumbling, spectacled search among her motley stock, but none were to be found. He could get them up at Squire Vander's big store in the village. Ah! well, the young man recollected just then that he wanted some thread. He was often in want of a bit to sew a button on with. "Poor young fellow!" said Aunt Polly to herself, commiseratingly; "boarding, I suppose!" And needles? would he have needles? He couldn't get no better than her'n any where. No, to be sure not. And while the good woman was putting up a parcel sufficient to restore all the stray buttons in Christendom, her customer sat expectant, waiting, but not for the package: perhaps a trim little figure might suddenly alight in the room, coming in from among the hollyhocks, or tripping daintily down the old stairway visible just beyond.

"Did—did your daughter get very wet?" he inquired, very abruptly at last, considering how long he had been contemplating the query.

"Sairy Jane? I hain't seen her to-day; but their house do leak some, that's certain, which is bad for Tom, who's got the whoop—"

But suddenly the old lady grew enlightened. Her spectacles seemed to enlarge themselves. The frill on her cap widened out interrogatively.

"Bless my soul!" she said; "what upon airth am I thinking of, to be sure! I do get things a little confused, what with so many inquiring arter Sairy Jane and Tom. And you be the young man that see her home with the umbarell?—Miss Vander, I mean. Oh, bless your heart! she only stopped here to ask after Tom, and to get in out of the wet; though she did match some worsteds, I rec'lect, and, what's more, left them behind her when she hurried off arter the shower. I'd be obleeged to you, Sir, if you're going that way, to just let her know they're all safe."

Going that way! The young man lingered as he closed the gate, and the sense of his poverty and idleness *did* come upon him then with a deadly weight. What matter to him, or to any one, which way he drifted! As he walked down the path among Aunt Polly's nodding hollyhocks, he could have found it in his heart to envy the old woman her quiet little way-side nook, and the undisturbed certainty of her homely existence.

So it was Squire Vander's daughter he had escorted so bravely with the umbrella!—Squire Vander, who owned, as Aunt Polly had told him, "no end of lands in these parts." "What a fool I am to be lingering about here!" thought our friend, as he wandered on; "I'll be off by the next train."

But then, hadn't he a commission to Miss Vander, wasn't he charged with a message for her, and wasn't business business? He heard the resounding whistle of the train as it swept out of sight while he still loitered. He passed the squire's big mansion wistfully. What right had he to look in at the pickets—a poor wandering waif that would shortly be in want of a breakfast? The great fields of waving corn goldened in the sunlight, the orchards on the slopes hung lustily ripe with fruit, and under the trees here and there the cattle stood cooling themselves in the shade, and lazily whisking off the flies: a pretty sun-lighted scene, where probably no comfortable farmer, no hospitable house-mistress, would have conceived it possible that the decently dressed young man strolling idly by was without a dollar in his pocket or an object in the world.

Object! Oh, well, perhaps not exactly that. Not if one can translate that gleam in the young man's eyes, as through the trees that skirt Squire Vander's lawn he catches a glimpse of a pretty figure in fluttering muslin, sitting and swaying itself leisurely in a great swing under the boughs of a spreading oak; to and fro, to and fro, the airy figure flits, the leaf shadows embroidering her white dress, and glints of sunlight spangling her braided hair. Should he venture in? He stood irresolute, and as he stood there came an irruption of small boys through a side gate—a pack of hungry youngsters just let out of school.

"I say, Bessy, is dinner ready?" they cried.

"Come here and give me a swing," answered Bessy, inconsequently.

As they approached, the boys caught sight of the watchful, wayworn face peering through the shrubbery.

"Why, that's the chap was down at the store after a situation!" cried Jack, Jim, and Jerry in chorus.

Bessy turned hastily; she knew her friend of yesterday in a moment. "Oh, come in! come in!" she cried. "I ought to have thanked you for your kindness last night."

"I just—just missed the train," said the traveler, startled out of his self-possession, and naturally, under the circumstances, giving utterance to the first fib that suggested itself.

"Going away? Why, don't you find it pleasant here?"

"Very pleasant, but—"

"But the hotel and boarding-houses are all full, I suppose."

"To tell you the truth," burst out the young man, won to strange confidence by the frank eyes looking out at him, and speaking out the bitterness of his heart, "it would make very little difference in my case—they'd crowd *me* out, whether or no, for I couldn't pay for a room."

Not pay for a room! Bessy's eyes looked up at the broad front of her father's house, where door and window stood open, free and spacious. So much room and to spare, while others were so straitened. But the shadow on her face was quickly turned to a smile at beholding the alacrity with which Jack, Jim, and Jerry had monopolized the swing.

"Now there's a fellow could give us a regular toss all together!" cried little Jack, his merry black eyes looking out toward the tall figure at the gate.

There is no resisting fate, and before he knew it Mr. Brownley was fairly in that sacred inclosure, the leaf shadows fluttering over his tall figure, and over Bessy's arch face, and over the rosy merry boys, as they swung, laughing, skyward, sent up with a will, once, twice, and again. And while they were all thus merrily engaged, an elderly gentleman with an ivory-headed cane came walking up the path.

"Father," said Bessy, soberly, "this is the young gentleman who was so kind as to help me in the rain yesterday."

"And such a fellow to lift!" cried Jack, as he came down from his ride in the tree-tops.

"Ah," said the old gentleman, eying the youth sharply, "Mr. Brownley, whom I saw yesterday, I believe."

"He's a regular brick, father!" cried Jack. "Such a swing! If you take him in the store, it 'll be jolly—then we can swing every day!"

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Vander, smiling, as his young people clung about him—"ay, ay, to be sure; that's all young folks think about nowadays—a jolly time! Well, well, come in to dinner, Mr. Brownley, and we'll talk the matter over. And so you thought it no harm to try again. Nothing like perseverance, my lad!"

Mr. Brownley did not state that he came with a message from Aunt Polly. Perhaps he forgot to deliver it altogether. I am not sure.

But this I can affirm, that in the annals of Evansville it is related that the successful Mr. Brownley, the honored and honorable Mr. Brownley, rose to his present estate from a very humble position—a mere place behind a counter—and, as some hint, by first securing a place in Bessy Vander's heart, which situation, I understand, he holds to this day.

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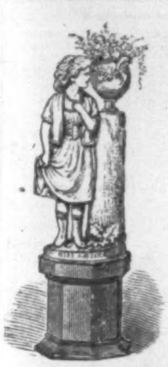

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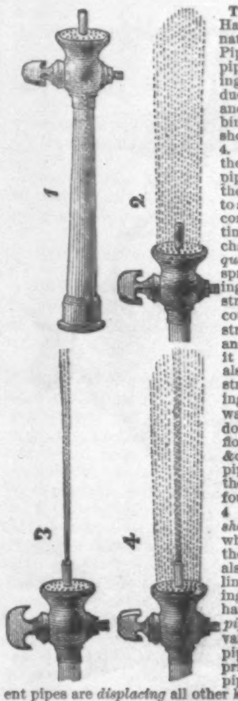

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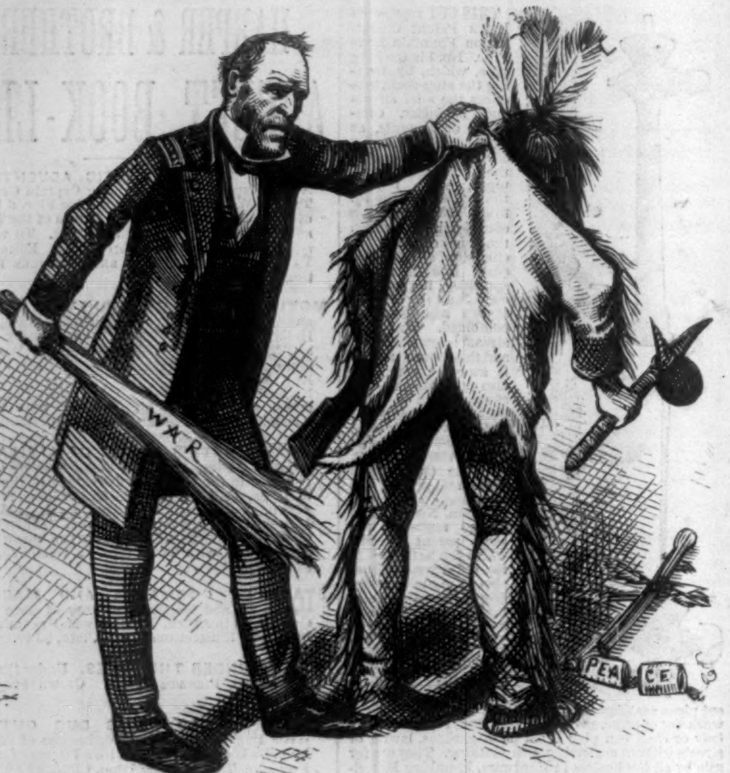
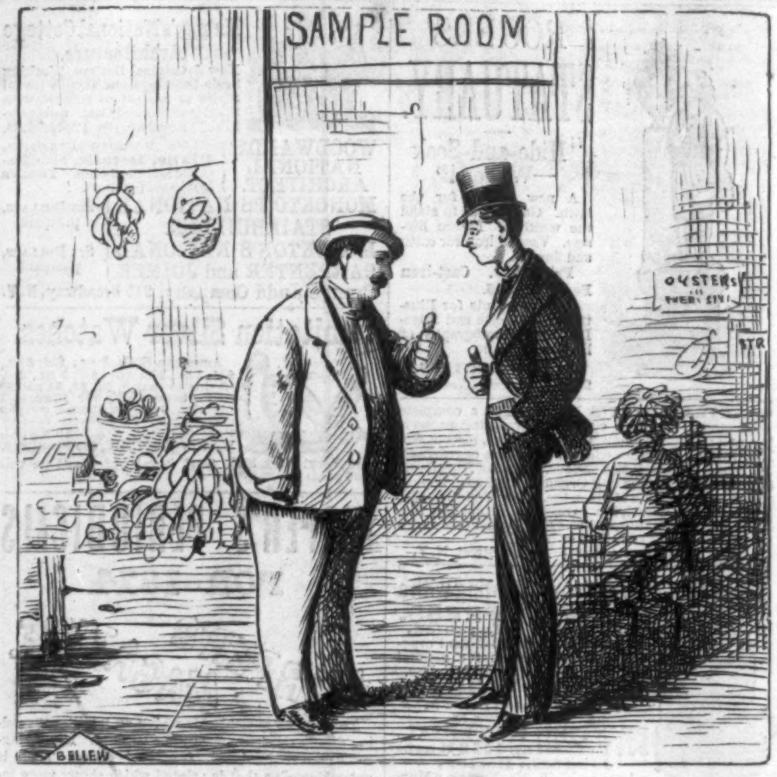


INDIAN OUTRAGES.
GEN. SHERMAN. "You have broken the pipe, now take the consequences."



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BROWN. "Thought so—so was I—water's very dangerous, develops bow-wow."
SMITH. "O. K.; we'll avoid danger."

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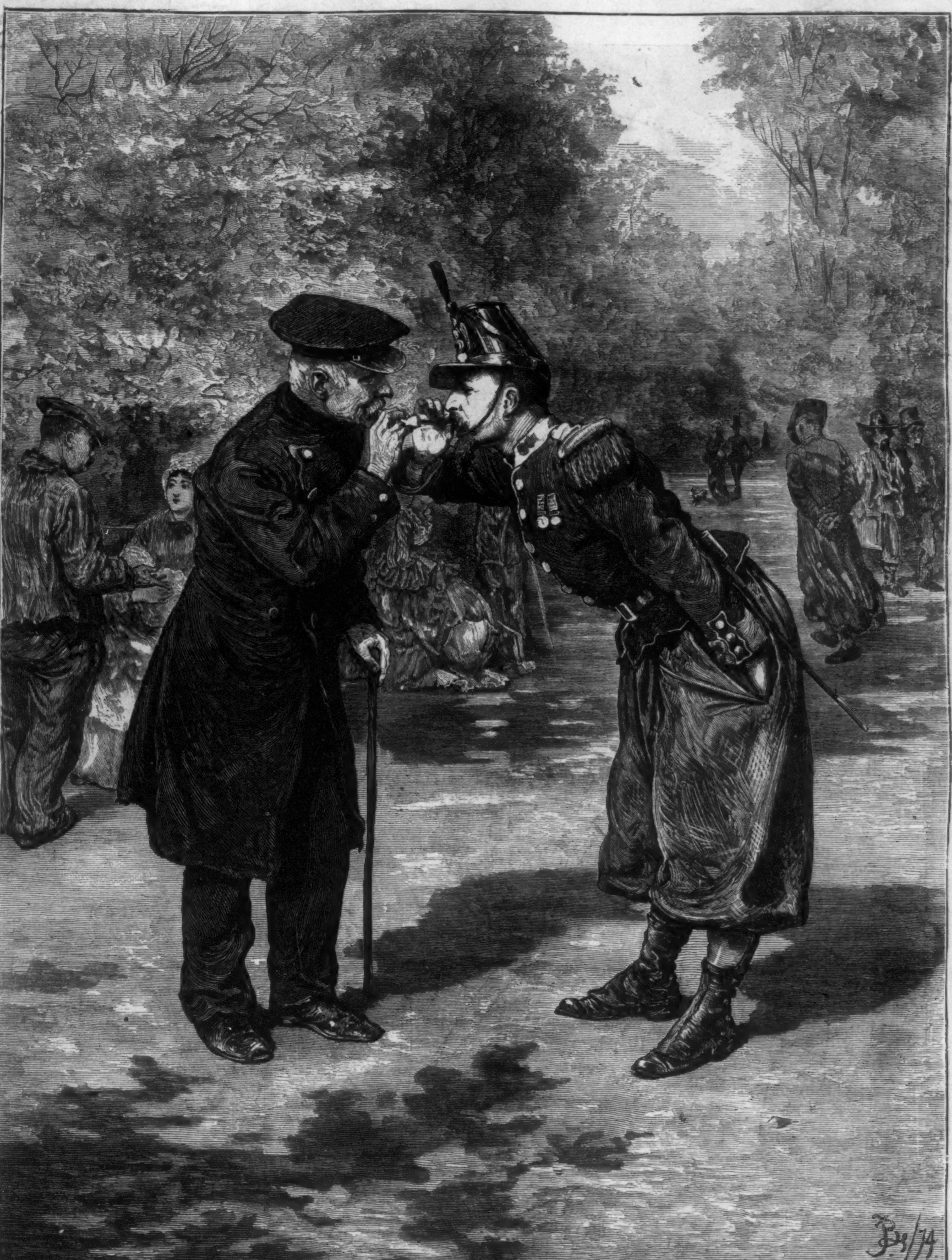


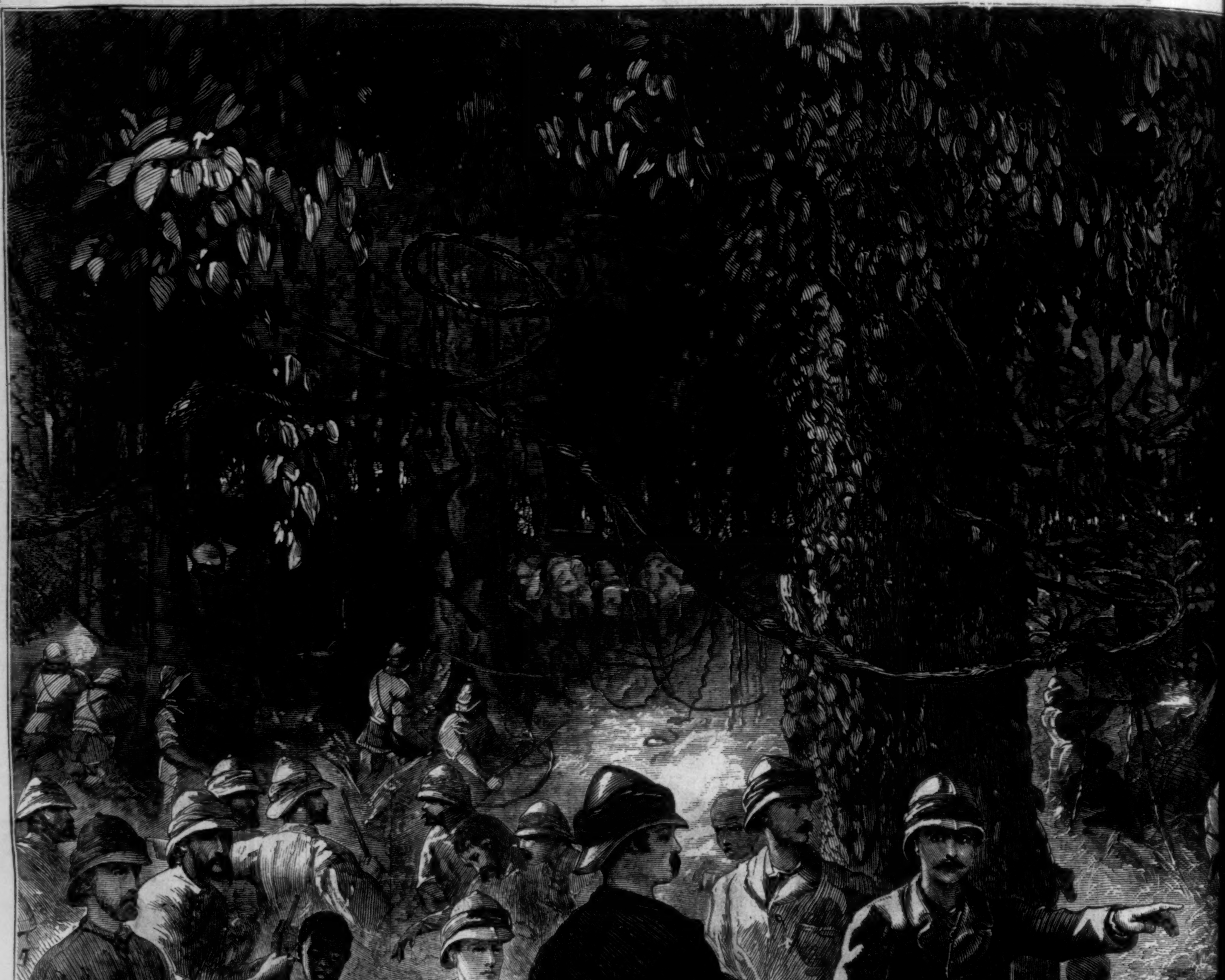
"PIPING TIMES OF PEACE."—[FROM THE PAINTING IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON, BY FREDERICK BARNARD.]

THE "BLACK WATCH" IN ACTION.

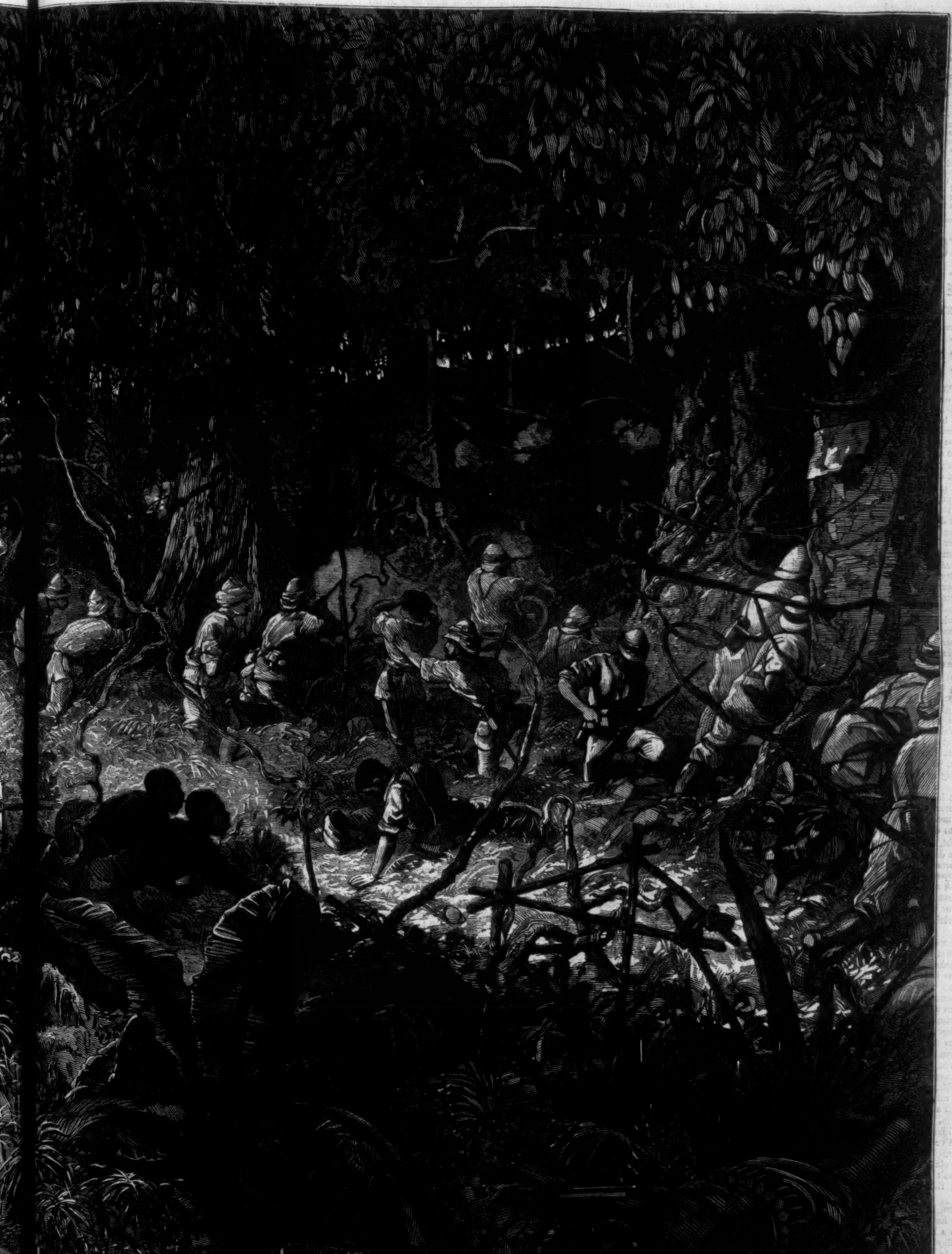
UPON the Forty-second Highlanders, or the "Black Watch," as they are called, devolved some of the hardest fighting in the recent campaign in Ashantee. Our double-page illustration shows the kind of work they were put to in the dense forests and jungles lying between the sea-coast and Coomassie. The Ashantees held the jungles in great force, constructing ambuscades of brush with a skill that defied detection until their hiding-places were betrayed by the flash of their muskets. "Reserving their fire," says STANLEY, in his interesting account of the campaign, "until they had encountered the enemy, the Highlanders had continued advancing until they had penetrated about two hundred yards beyond the village, when the concealed enemy suddenly revealed himself by firing into their faces from cleverly contrived ambuscades. Henceforward the Highlanders continued to sweep the bush in front of them with steadily poured volleys until they had silenced the enemy's fire, during which pause the engineer laborers were pushed forward to cut the bush for a farther advance."

The hardest fighting took place at the bottom of a slope, where a lazy stream coursed sluggishly through expanses of morass and over depths of black slime. A hundred yards beyond this stream were seen the huts which the Ashantees had constructed out of tree boughs and plantain leaves. These huts numbered hundreds, spread out far on each side of the road. "Such was the place," continues STANLEY, "the Ashantees chose to defend, which they did with a pertinacity that won high praise and admiration from the Highlanders. The soldiers were put to their mettle, and the Houssas, as if catching the fierce enthusiasm which animated the Scotch Highlanders, labored with a vigor and energy not eclipsed by any on the field. Captain RAIT, halting at the same altitude above the stream below as the Ashantee camp was on the other side of it, aimed his guns with such good effect at the huts that on passing them the ghastly heaps that met the sight of rent bodies and disfigured dead bore a silent but significant testimony to the important service the Houssa artillery had contributed on this day toward crushing the pride of the enemy. When the front column had dislodged the Ashantees from their several positions, and finally driven them with fearful loss from their camps, the whole line surged across the stream, and swept up the opposite slope."

The "Black Watch" originally consisted of armed companies of the loyal clans (CAMPBELLS, MONROS, etc.) employed to watch the Highlands from about 1725 to 1739, when they were formed into the celebrated Forty-second Regiment, enrolled as "The Royal Highland Black Watch," the name being derived from the dark color of their tartans. In the Ashantee campaign they wore the ordinary uniform of the British army, kilts being unsuited to bush-work.



THE "BLACK WATCH" IN ACTION—FIGHTING IN THE



HE EST OF ASHANTEE.—By L. Desanges.—[See Page 685.]